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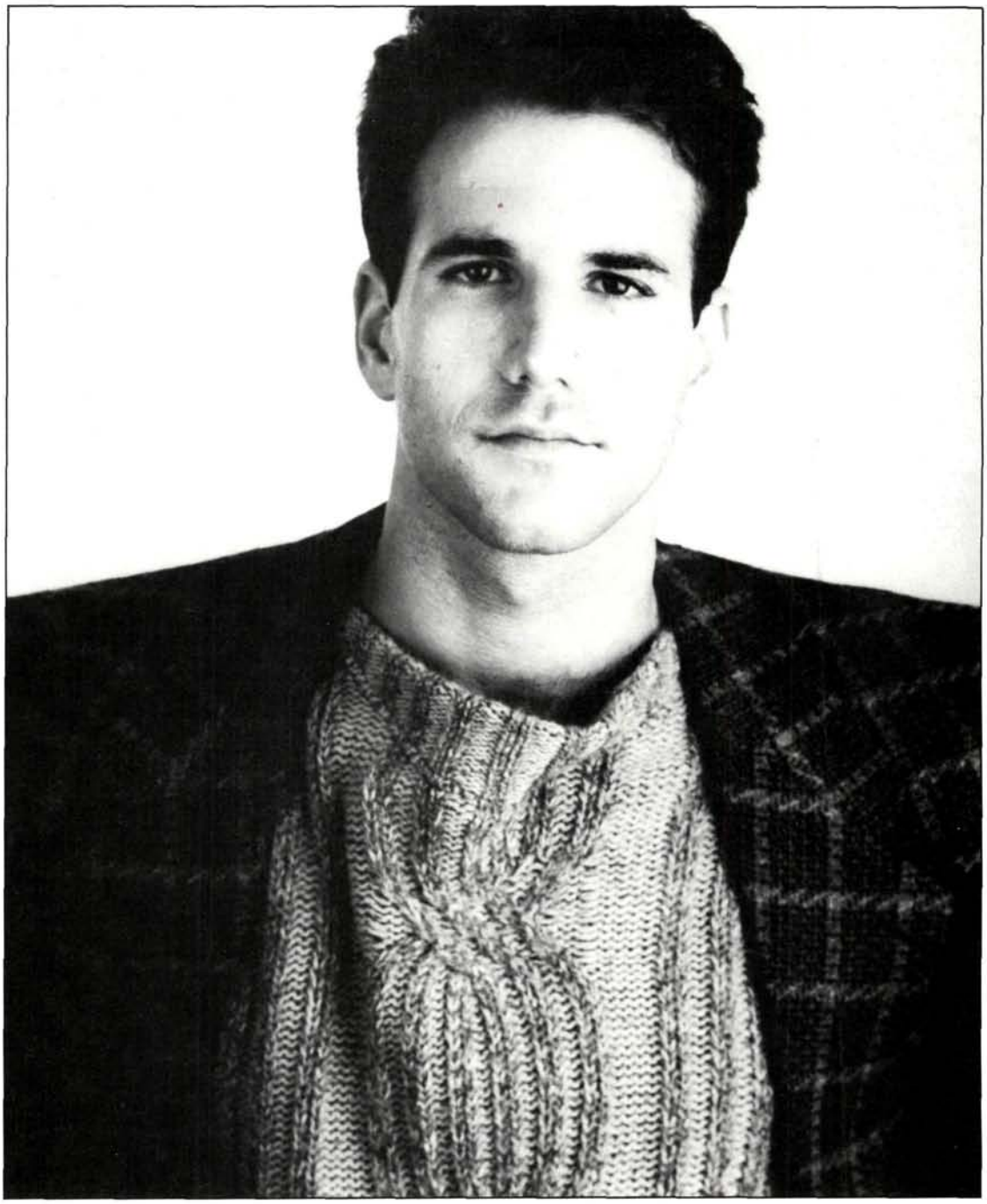

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WASHINGTON, D.C. — OCTOBER 6, 1986

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WRONGING THE RIGHT

To the editors:
Two misperceptions mar John B. Judis's otherwise excellent study of the confrontation between paleoconservatives and neoconservatives ("The Conservative Wars," August 11 & 18). Judis interprets the *Intercollegiate Review*'s symposium on neoconservatism as an outlet for the anti-Semitic and xenophobic feelings present among traditionalists. As a Jewish participant in that symposium, I am forced to disagree. There was nothing anti-Semitic about the critical contributions that *Intercollegiate Review* published. The oft-cited references to interlopers in the comments by M. E. Bradford and Clyde Wilson are not to Jews but to cold war liberals pretending to be conservatives. Wilson does speak of "being crowded out by overwhelming numbers," but his polemic is directed against political, not ethnic, enemies.

Mr. Judis correctly quotes my comment that some neoconservatives reacted hysterically—even opportunistically—to Joe Sobran's observations about American Jews. But I do not believe that Sobran is blameless in this particular matter. His remarks on the Jewish persecution of Christians reflect a woeful ignorance of history, and his praise of the neo-Nazi *Instauration* was inexcusably offensive.

Despite these critical remarks, I think that Mr. Judis has uncovered a profound truth about the contemporary American right. The old conservatives are philosophically energetic but politically powerless; by contrast, the neoconservatives have achieved political and journalistic prominence, despite the absence of a unifying vision of life. There is no reason to think that this situation is about to change.

PAUL GOTTFRIED
Senior Editor, The World & I
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
The crux of Mr. Judis's argument is that the American conservative movement is infected with anti-Semitism and political extremism. He points to a speech by Stephen Tonsor of the University of Michigan at last April's Philadelphia Society meeting.

Three other persons spoke at the session at which Tonsor delivered his address. They were Burton Pines of the Heritage Foundation, Paul Gottfried from Rockford College, and myself. All are Jewish. I wasn't conscious of any anti-Semitism, and I was on the panel with Tonsor.

On the face of it, the attempt to make the differences between the traditionalists and neoconservatives revolve around anti-Semitism is ridiculous. There are important differences. Fortunately, one of them is not anti-Semitism.

EDWARD S. SHAPIRO
Professor of History
Seton Hall University
South Orange, New Jersey

To the editors:
Anyone familiar with French insults cannot help but be delighted at the appropriateness of the terms "néocons" and "paléocons" (*accent aigu* added) used by John Judis. Both neo- and paleo-cons prove conclusively that—to paraphrase Gertrude Stein—*un con est un con est un con*. One can only admire the remarkable consistency of their output: whether they be of the older, *National Review* variety, or part of the newer crop writing for *Commentary*, American conservatives produce prize-winning *conneries*. Pardon my French!

WILLIAM H. HUSEMAN
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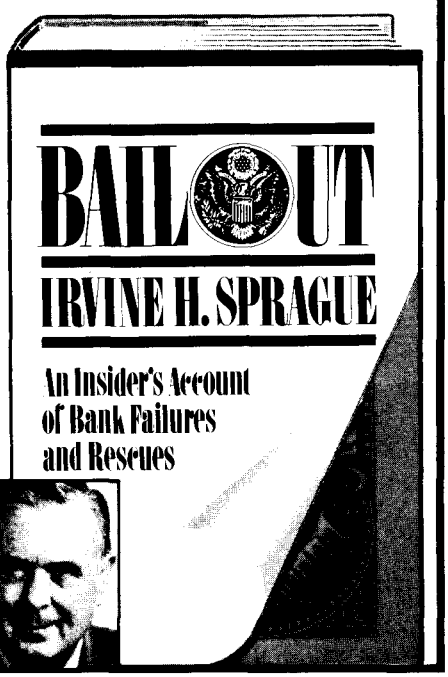

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TACKLING ACADEMIA

To the editors:
As a student at a Division I university, I saw "booster" handouts, hushed police reports, fixed grades, and other acts of indiscretion that made a mockery of student-athletes, the NCAA, and the reformists who continue to cry for academic standards.

What your editorial ("Punt the Pretense," September 8) and so many other calls for reform fail to recognize is that the realities facing inner-city youth, white and black, make the dream of a professional sports career the only dream in town. Similarly, the realities

continued on page 6

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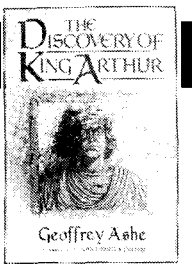

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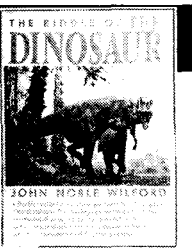

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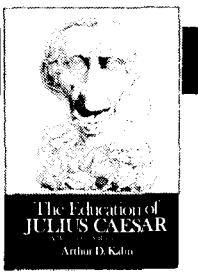

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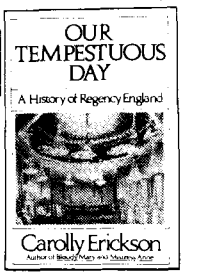

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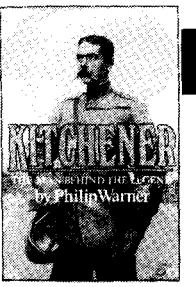

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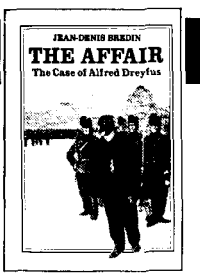

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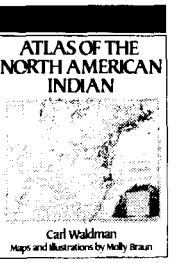

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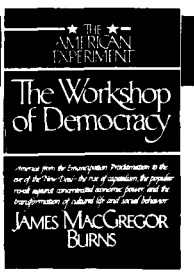

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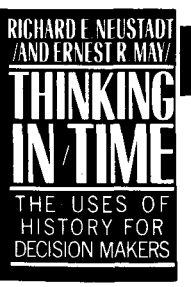

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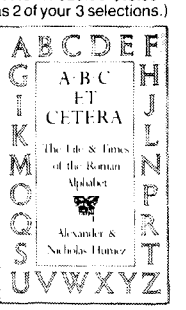

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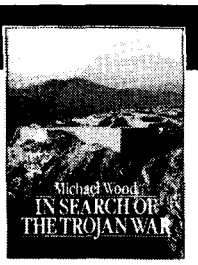

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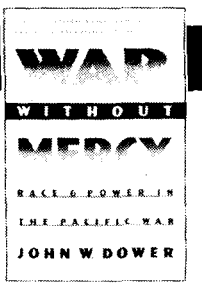

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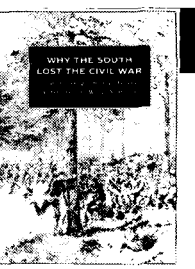

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

of Division I budgeting and the insatiable appetite for televised sports make changes in eligibility and scheduling unlikely. The requirements for meaningful success in college begin at home, long before anyone can dunk or throw a ball. Spend the money wasted on "support services," NCAA enforcement, and college tuition instead on helping parents, administrators, and teachers in our elementary and junior high schools reach out to these young athletes. Give them a reason to read at age 12, and they may have a reason to drop the ball at age 20.

R. TODD ERKEL
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

'DOLLAR BILL' BRADLEY

To the editors:
Fred Barnes's virtual endorsement of Bill Bradley for president ("Run, Bill, Run," August 11 & 18) belongs to the George Will School of Prescriptive Journalism. Like most prescriptions, it is a bit vague about the side effects.

Bradley the Campaigner, as opposed to Bradley the Insider, has shown total contempt for the public's concern over issues. His 1984 senatorial campaign was based on two television images: an elderly woman singing his office's praises for helping her over personal difficulties, and a shirt-sleeved Bill ending an all-nighter by hook shooting an empty milk carton into the wastebasket. Showing concern for the aged and cartoons to the yuppies, the senator used market surveys with the aplomb of a sitcom producer.

These facts suggest that a Bradley presidency could be Reaganism recast for the Pepsi Generation. Bradley's early endorsement of a sharply reduced top personal income tax bracket certainly had the effect of convincing wealthy contributors that he could be their man if the public sours on Republicans by 1988. His old nickname dies hard—"Dollar Bill."

I suggest that someone commission a poll among New Jerseyans asking whom they would select for president, Bradley or Governor Thomas Kean? The results might show Barnes and Bradley how little the niceties of style matter, even today.

DAVID SAEMANN
Wayne, New Jersey

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THE UNQUIET MAN

To the editors:
Stanley Kauffmann, in his review of my book, *John Ford: The Man and His Films* ("The Unquiet Man," August 11 & 18), has misrepresented what I have written.

He quotes me on *Steamboat Round the Bend*: "As Duke says (and as all John Ford movies say), 'There ain't nothin' nicer than goin' up and down the river.'" He then asks, "All Ford movies? *The Informer*? *The Lost Patrol*? *The Prisoner of Shark Island*?" But my sentence was a tag line to a review of a film in which that notion of "niceness" is specifically depicted. And Kauffmann overlooks that the three films he cites share a theme, the horribleness of *entrapment*, and thus confirm the "niceness" of freedom, motion, and purpose.

Kauffmann excoriates me for "name-dropping," for "connect[ing] Ford with Sophocles, St. Augustine, and Beethoven." Beethoven was only mentioned to explain what I intended in dividing Ford's work into "periods"; references to Augustine are clearly apposite. Augustine's philosophy permeates Ford's concept of life, and the permeation was acknowledged by Ford himself, who adopted Augustine as his middle name throughout his school years.

He attributes my desire to define Ford as expressionist to whimsy, concealing that the project occurs within a detailed tracing of the stylistic changes wrought upon Ford by "expressionist" filmmakers like Murnau and Lang.

Kauffmann's credo, that a director could only succeed by "triumph[ing] over Hollywood impediments," ignores the historical coincidence of most great Hollywood auteurs with the heyday of the studio system. But he begins by stating that a Hollywood director cannot be artistically responsible for his own films. Then he tears me apart for crediting Ford on the bases of "inference and comparison, not ascertainable fact." I cite an immense quantity of "ascertainable facts." And the last chapter of my book is an analysis of how Ford functioned within the studio system, to achieve as much control as he could.

Kauffmann asks if my calling Ford's dialectical qualities Brechtian doesn't make Hitchcock Brechtian, too. I explore that question at length. Kauffmann labors under the illusion that Brecht was

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 6, 1986

HIGH ON HOT AIR

Last year Washington seemed as blissfully untroubled by drug abuse as it is obsessed now. As recently as this past February, when just as many—if not more—Americans were using drugs, President Reagan proposed *cutting* the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration's funding by $12 million. In the meantime, however, America has gone on yet another of the goofy benders that so often pass for public policy debate.

Now Nancy Reagan goes on television to inform the nation: "There's a drug and alcohol abuse epidemic in this country, and no one is safe from it," least of all our children, "because this epidemic has their names written on it." The president, clutching his wife's hand in a poignant gesture of reassurance, weighed in against the drug "horror," which is "killing America and terrorizing it with slow but sure chemical destruction." The fight against drugs, Reagan asserted, is "another war for our freedom," just like World War II. It will take nothing less than a "national crusade" to defeat the scourge.

The First Couple's address was the culmination of a familiar media melodrama. The media discover a problem: nuclear annihilation, Ethiopia, the homeless. Experts are invited to weigh in. Time is running out, they declare. The situation is rapidly becoming a crisis. Citizens, egged on by cause entrepreneurs, "get involved" and clamor for government action. They may even take matters into their own hands, forming gigantic human chains or staging benefit concerts. The president acts confused for a while. Then he goes on TV to announce that the "solution" is to "work together" toward some utopian ideal, like a "Peace Shield" or a "drug-free America."

Drug mania is one of the longer-running versions of this serial, partly because it has peaked just before an off-year election. In the political contest to appear tough on drugs, no proposal for dealing with the problem is considered too outlandish, illogical, or expensive. The president unveiled a package of measures that included $900 million in new anti-drug spending. This came on the heels of a House bill, passed with unheard-of efficiency and unanimity by a vote of 392 to 16, that authorizes more than $2 billion for anti-drug activities next year, and more than $4 billion over the next three years. Both plans brush aside concerns over civil liberty, which once seemed an essential part of the American Dream but is now unquestioningly assigned second place behind drug-free school yards.

Both the president and the House call for the death penalty for murders that are committed in the course of running a drug operation. There is no other federal death penalty, except for murder during an airline hijacking. But no one feels obliged to explain how murders committed during the course of running a drug operation are any more deserving of the death penalty than other murders—say, those committed during child abuse or rape. They aren't, of course. The House bill also mandates a life sentence for anyone over 21 who is convicted twice of selling drugs to anyone under 21. But what is uniquely terrible about a 22-year-old selling cocaine to a 20-year-old? We don't impose mandatory life sentences on the rape of a 16-year-old by a 45-year-old.

The president and the House also would drastically weaken the exclusionary rule, which prohibits prosecutors from using illegally obtained evidence to convict defendants, on the grounds that the rule makes drug offenders hard to convict. It is a matter of some controversy, though, whether Congress can do this. If the exclusionary rule, whatever its merits or flaws, is judged by the courts to be a matter of constitutional doctrine, Congress can't repeal it in a bill any more than it can repeal the First Amendment. In 1968, during a similar bit of political showboating over "law and order," Congress adopted a law that purported to get rid of the Supreme Court's *Miranda* ruling. That law had no effect, and this one may not have any either.

Fiddling with the federal criminal code is more or less beside the point anyway, since the overwhelming majority

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of drug cases are prosecuted on the state level. This is another subject on which Congress and the president want to stir national action on a national problem, clinging all the while to the pious notion that the states are better at everything than the federal government.

Even the Reagan administration shrinks from the House plan to *require* the armed forces to provide "continuous aerial radar coverage of the southern border of the United States" and to "pursue and seize intruding aircraft" thought to be carrying illegal drugs. No one has any idea if the military is any good at tracking down drug smugglers, who have easily eluded everyone else who's tried to catch them so far, including Vice President George Bush's South Florida Task Force. Nor does anyone have any idea how many military resources, which are needed elsewhere, might be squandered in an anti-drug effort. But in the current climate, it is simply assumed that drug traffic is such a threat to our national security that only the military can handle it. Reservations about breaking the heretofore generally accepted tradition of keeping troops out of civilian law enforcement are eyed with contempt.

Drug testing for federal employees is the heart and soul

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	**REEFER MADNESS**	4	4

Drugs. The Reagans have given their TV drug chat, and Congress seems poised to throw billions at the problem. But anti-drug actions are beginning to fan dissent. This week almost as much attention is being paid to the hysteria qua hysteria, with references to Prohibition, *Reefer Madness*-style irrationality, and even failed 1970s drug wars now popping up regularly. These quick-fix lurches are the equivalent of Great Leap Forward Thought, and tend to work about as well as Mao's original did.

2.	**TRADING PLACES**	1	3

Daniloff. When the Soviets grabbed Daniloff, it's been said, they sure chose the wrong guy. But it appears they could hardly have chosen better. Daniloff's press brethren raised an enormous howl, and the White House was pressed to act publicly where it clearly hadn't intended to. Now we're told we "blinked," they'll get Zakharov back, and a summit apparently will go forward at which the Gorbachev p.r. machine will be able to use the same press to smooth everything over. Happy watching.

3.	**DAN'S BADGE OF COURAGE**	—	1

TV. The CBS shake-up, which premiered with the new TV season, may lack sex, but it does have the bizarre myth of CBS as some sort of Fallen Angel from broadcasting heaven. A sidelight was a wacko debate over "entertainment values" in the news. Entertainment values entered the news with the invention of rotogravure. CBS's problems seem rather to stem from an insufficiency of entertainment. Contrast the fortunes of NBC, which only yesterday was network TV's poor relative. Thanks to some hit series, it—and its news operation—are again great successes.

4.	**WALL STREET MEEK**	—	1

Wall Street. Quick now, what exactly happened to make Wall Street drop so precipitously? That nobody understands Wall Street is attested to by the open speculation about breaking 2000 just prior to the plunge. For most people, Wall Street is an indecipherable set of numbers. Thus, last week's minipanic consisted of a glance at the numbers and a check to see if this was 1929. It wasn't, but hemlines were discovered to have fallen.

5.	**DRAWING AN AUDIENCE**	—	1

Comics. Comic art is widely held to be junk. But serious underground comic artists have been working intensely for a long time, and now serious attention is being paid to *Dark Knight*, Frank Miller's film noir reinterpretation of Batman, and *American Splendor*, Harvey Pekar's autobiographical epic of life in Cleveland. The breakthrough work may be Art Spiegelman's *Maus*, an audacious Holocaust tale using cats and mice. If critics aren't just slumming for it, there's a chance comic art could make the kind of transition to respectability that movies made in the post-nickelodeon era.

6.	**OUT OF THE GROOVE**	—	1

Hi-fi. Got your CD player yet? Motown is reportedly the first major label to make a significant portion of its catalog available only on CD. The debate over the comparative aural merits of CDs and LPs may still be raging, but there are signs that LPs are about to take a shellacking. Many Americans continue to view the CD player as a gadget they'll invest in "someday." The industry seems to want to hasten their decision.

7.	**SINS OF ELECTION**	9	3

Vatican. The reaction to the Catholic hierarchy's efforts to get wayward U.S. Catholics in line is less anti-hierarchy than interethnic: New York Italians are defending Governor Cuomo, who has come under attack for his role in the debate, while noting that ex-Governor Carey never came under any pressure to match his public statements with his religion.

8.	**IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY**	—	1

Food. For the first time in history, people are waking up to the fact that there seems to be a global surplus of food. Producer nations are scrambling for places to store it all, while those starving can apparently blame their hunger on lousy distribution. Genetic advances are credited, though with the loss in natural genetic diversity—a crisis yet to be taken seriously—food supply seems more than ever dependent on artificial means. The props appear to have been knocked out from Malthus, *Population Bomb*-style doomsayers of the '60s, and the Club of Rome, but Rachel Carson still waits in the wings.

9.	**OL' BLACK EYES**	—	1

Heroes. The pedestal on which Americans place their heroes seems equipped with a trapdoor. Latest to take a plunge is Frank Sinatra, who's been up and down before. After Sinatra's "retirement" of a decade ago, he was elevated to Living National Treasure status. His high profile since has made him merely familiar again. Now negative revelations from the new bio are playing big. The man who yesterday was Ol' Blue Eyes is now a "boor."

10.	**SAFE SEX**	—	1

Sex. Fear of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases has brought respectability to the condom. Not only has it emerged from behind the drugstore counter to open display, but this fall no fewer than 15 magazines that had never before run condom ads will feature them. Among them: *Vogue*, *Modern Bride*, *Parents*, and *Family Circle*.

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of the president's plan. The tests would be mandatory for employees in "sensitive" positions, and voluntary for everyone else. The president is doing this even though no one has presented any evidence that drug use is at all common among federal workers, sensitive or otherwise. What difference would that make, anyway? If people are incapable of doing their jobs safely and efficiently, they should be fired, whether drugs cause their problems or not. The tests are only designed to hunt down people who use illegal drugs, even though alcoholic employees are probably a much bigger potential problem. And of course drug tests are notoriously unreliable. Even the best ones falsely find drugs in the urine of five percent of the people who take them. In the 2.8 million-member federal work force, that could mean 140,000 employees "found" to use drugs who don't really use them. As for voluntary testing, it is either pointless or not voluntary. The obvious presumption toward an employee who refuses to "volunteer" for a test will be that he uses drugs.

These quasi-authoritarian measures are being resorted to despite the lack of evidence of a substantial increase in drug abuse. (For a full accounting of this problem, see "I Was a Drug-Hype Junkie" by Adam Paul Weisman, page 14.) We're not saying that drugs aren't a problem, only that they should be addressed with some sense of logic and proportion. The fact that drug use has basically held steady over the last few years suggests that common sense and individual effort, which the president normally holds in such high esteem, may have been sufficient to at least arrest—and maybe reverse—the trend toward higher drug use that began in the '60s and '70s.

NOTEBOOK

□ BETTER NED THAN RED: The three-year-old National Endowment for Democracy is in trouble again in Congress. Partly this is because it makes ideological enemies. It has been supporting democratic movements in South Korea and Chile, which makes some right-wingers think it's mischievous. It has been helping to fund *La Prensa*, the anti-Sandinista newspaper in Nicaragua, which makes some liberals think it's Reaganite. Nobody minds that it is the only U.S. agency rebuilding schools in Afghanistan and training Haitians to hold elections, that it's supporting the exiled families of jailed Solidarity activists, monitoring elections in the Philippines, and helping publish a pro-democratic newspaper for Chinese students (mainland and Taiwanese) studying in the United States. But not enough members of Congress think enough of such programs to give NED a dependable constituency. Meanwhile, it's under constant attack from a coalition of ideological foes, Gramm-Rudman penny-pinchers, isolationists, and a few purists who see a boondoggle in every endowment. A new attempt on its life is scheduled in the Senate this week when the otherwise enlightened Senator Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas, moves to transfer NED's entire $15 million appropriation to the Fulbright exchange program—a worthy endeavor, but one that helps build democracy only in the long run. We hope that Senator Bumpers will change his mind, or lose. Some agency needs to give immediate help to fledgling democratic movements, and the job shouldn't be left to the CIA.

□ NOISE IN THE ARCHIVES: President Reagan has nominated John Agresto for archivist of the United States. The nomination is being opposed by some on the far right, and, with discord among the Republicans, some Democrats have sensed an opportunity to inflict a small political defeat on the administration. They say they object to the nominee's views on affirmative action and racial quotas. But Agresto's views are shared by just about every one of Reagan's appointments. This distinguished appointment shouldn't be held up because of them. Agresto is a young scholar-teacher-administrator who, first at the National Humanities Center in North Carolina and now at the National Endowment for the Humanities, has established a reputation for personal fairness and intellectual rigor. On the testimony of many liberal academics, he is not doctrinaire. There is no evidence that his politics have affected his judgments of the scholarship of others. The position of national archivist—caretaker of the physical Constitution—requires just such scrupulousness. The job also requires what Agresto seems to have in abundance: administrative imagination and fortitude. The archivist supervises the inchoate network of presidential libraries, making him or her the guardian of historical egos. This is not a position that should be fought over on political grounds. On any other grounds, Agresto's confirmation would be assured.

□ THE LITTLE NEWS STORY THAT COULDN'T (reprinted in full from the *Washington Post*, September 3):

> ■ A tropical depression in the Atlantic Ocean lost strength and disintegrated about 825 miles east-northeast of the Leeward Islands in the Lesser Antilles, forecasters said.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

DELEGATOR IN CHIEF

THE ENDURING question about Ronald Reagan's presidency is, how he does he do it? He has achieved considerable success and extraordinary popularity. Neither can be attributed to slavish attention to the details of policy or to long, lonely hours in the Oval Office. Reagan joked recently about being forced to burn "midday oil" in the White House after the bombing of Libya. Well, at least

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he's got a sense of humor about his incredibly lax management style. But the mystery remains.

Sure, Reagan gives a good speech, he's often in tune with public sentiment, he's genial on TV, and so on. These are useful skills, but they don't explain how he can get away with knowing and doing so little. No president, certainly in recent memory and maybe ever, has delegated as much White House decision making. Even decisions on what he will say and do are left in the hands of others. The following are two recent examples of Reagan as Delegator in Chief.

THE FIRST involves Reagan's role in the fall election as Republicans struggle to hold on to the Senate, where they now have a 53-to-47 edge over the Democrats. It's already been decided that Reagan will campaign vigorously. It's not been decided, firmly at any rate, what he will say. And the argument over this is being waged outside his hearing among senior White House aides. The soft-liners want to adjust Reagan's rhetoric for each state he visits. "I would describe it as political revenue sharing," says a White House official. "It's national in scope, local in character. What you're going to say for Ken Kramer [the GOP Senate candidate in Colorado] is different from what you're going to say for Henson Moore [candidate in Louisiana]."

The idea, as another White House aide put it, is "to maximize the local impact of the president's appearance." The paramount goal is "getting local press," says a senior Reagan aide. This means the president devotes a good bit of his time lavishing praise on the Republican candidate and denouncing his opponent. "That's what the local media picks up," an aide says. "That's what the candidate can play back endlessly" in TV commercials.

For now at least, the soft-liners—they include Chief of Staff Donald Regan, his aides, and Mitch Daniels, the White House political director—are prevailing. Reagan is going along. In Denver on September 8, the president's speech talked up Kramer and pummeled Representative Tim Wirth, his Democratic foe. "Now, I don't want anyone to think this is personal, but Ken's opponent has voted against me more times than Ted Kennedy, and that's saying something," the president said. "Colorado needs a senator like Ken, who not only means what he says, but is an effective advocate for the state of Colorado." Among other things, Reagan declared, Kramer has been "a leader in conservation with the 'sodbuster' bill. . . . So when you go to the polls this November, win one for Ken Kramer."

The hard-liners don't object to kudos for Republican candidates, but they want it to be only a secondary message in Reagan's speeches. The top priority, they argue, should be a national message that is simple, tough, and specific. President Richard Nixon pursued this strategy in 1970, when he made social issues—crime-in-the-streets was the chief one—the focus of his speeches. The result was nothing to glow about, but it could have been worse. Republicans gained two senators and lost 12 House seats. And there's one other thing to remember about the Nixon effort. Patrick J. Buchanan, then a White House speechwriter, was one of its architects. Now he's Reagan's communications director.

Buchanan and his allies envision a "nationalized" election. Reagan would talk up Star Wars, the need for conservative judges to combat crime and drugs, and an economy threatened by Democrats who want to tax and spend uncontrollably. "You go on the offensive," says a White House official who favors this strategy. "You can bring national politics to a boil in less than a fortnight." Nixon's only mistake was that he unveiled the strategy in mid-September. That was too soon, says a presidential aide. Nixon touted crime fighting and patriotism. Within two weeks, Democrats inoculated themselves from his attacks by sporting American flags in their lapels and appearing in police cars in their TV spots.

Reagan would crank up the national message in mid-October. That is, if the hard-liners win the argument. They claim it might add a percentage point or two to the turnout, enough in some states to tip the race to Republican candidates. The soft-liners respond that a nationalized campaign won't work. "People just aren't talking about the same things in Louisiana as they are in California," says one Reagan adviser. That strategy "misses the environment this year. It would leave a lot of voters out of the picture." There's also a fear among the soft-liners that a national message might bring out more Democrats than Republicans. "Those kinds of national elections typically help the out party, which we are not," the adviser says. Whoever wins the argument, Reagan will be the last at the White House to know. But he'd be comfortable with either strategy. He was a hard-liner in 1982, a soft-liner in 1984.

THE SECOND example involves a significant debate on reforming the military. If the president is aware of the debate at all, he hasn't mentioned it, an aide says. On September 11, a Senate-House conference approved a Pentagon reorganization bill that would take away power from individual services and give it to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a handful of joint field commanders. Its goal is to quash interservice rivalry. Democratic Representative Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, says it's "probably the greatest sea change in the history of the American military" since 1775. That's hyperbole, but the bill is clearly the most important reform of the Pentagon in decades, and it goes well beyond any changes favored by the White House or recommended by the administration's hand-picked Packard Commission.

Not surprisingly, some military officials object strongly to the bill, insisting that the measure will lead to creation of an aloof "general staff" governing the military. Worse, Democrats deserve and will claim credit for having "reformed" the Pentagon bureaucracy. A "Memorandum for the President" drafted by a senior official at the Defense Department said "the bill's details pale next to its political

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importance as a partisan platform for Democratic advancement." Combined with other Democratic initiatives, the bill "could well obscure the Democrats' persistent squishiness on defense." But Reagan will never hear these arguments. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, more anxious about his budget than about reform, declined to send the memo. And when Pentagon officials attempted to bring into the debate Buchanan and John Poindexter, the president's national security adviser, they failed.

Where does Reagan fit in? The bill will arrive on his desk in a few weeks, and doubtless there will be a ceremony, perhaps with full press coverage. The debate will have passed him by, but Reagan will sign anyway. That's the way the Reagan presidency works.

FRED BARNES

THE MONEY CULTURE

ARRANT BURR

AH, THE JOYS of worker-ownership! The employees of People Express now know all about this subject. Through no fault of their own, they've seen the value of their stock holdings fall from an average of about $40,000 a few years ago to $5,000 today. And, in a little while, a lot of them may be out of work. Texas Air, the company that owns Continental and New York Air and that will soon own Eastern, earlier this week struck a deal to buy People Express for less than $125 million worth of Texas Air stock—which is to say, a pittance.

The deal isn't a certainty, but right now it seems to be the only way to keep the airline from disappearing completely. Texas Air chairman Frank Lorenzo, the man who put Continental into bankruptcy in order to save labor costs, is the former boss of Donald Burr, the founder of People Express. Burr and 15 other top executives left Texas Air in 1980 to start People—driven away, in part, by Lorenzo's tough-guy operating style. Where Lorenzo was hard, Burr was soft. Now Burr and the others are back in Lorenzo's fold, and Burr probably feels the way the Russian defector played by Baryshnikov felt in the movie *White Nights* when his plane got engine trouble and was forced to land on Soviet soil.

It wasn't worker-ownership or a touchy-feely management style that killed People Express. It was the raw, unfocused ambition of Donald Burr. But in the beginning, the story was a great romance. Burr and the young Texas Air executives, frustrated with bureaucracy and impersonality, dug into their own pockets for money to get started. They raised another $24 million in the first public offering ever for a new airline. They began flying old, repainted jets between forsaken Newark and three airports shunned by other airlines: Buffalo, Columbus, and Norfolk. Within a year, People Express was making a profit and becoming a hot stock.

Burr talked inspirationally about making People Express a humane place to work: "The single predominant reason that I cared about starting a new company was to try to develop a better way for people to work together. . . . Most organizations believe that humans are generally bad and you have to control them and watch them and make sure they work. At People Express, people are trusted to do a good job until they prove they definitely won't."

In the Harvard Business School case study of People Express, there are interviews with employees that sound like testimonials for Dale Carnegie or est. Glenn G., a customer service manager, says: "I was running a hotline and crisis program, then was assistant manager of a health food store before seeing the People Express recruitment ad in the newspaper and came to check it out. I'm about to sell my car in order to take advantage of the current stock offer to employees." A People Express pilot, Michael F., was making a base salary of $36,000 a year when he was interviewed in 1982. He says that pilots at other airlines might make $110,000 a year, but he doesn't care. He has profit-sharing and stock, and besides, "It's very stimulating and exciting. I never thought I would have this much fun." Go ahead and snicker. It's easy to be cynical about the enthusiasm of Donald Burr and Glenn G. and Michael F., but it was a system that really worked.

All of the employees, eventually 3,500 of them, became shareholders. Melrose Dawsey, who had been a secretary at Texas Air, became one of the top five managers at People Express. Within two years, her stock made her a millionaire. The company was run with minimal hierarchy. Last year only one executive, Burr, made over $100,000, and even his compensation, $170,000 (including profit-sharing payments), was minimal compared to CEOs from far smaller companies. The average annual wage for People Express employees was $28,200 last year. The airline industry average was $43,200.

At People Express, everyone pitched in. Pilots served as dispatchers, managers did their own typing. There were no secretaries or executive assistants—no support staff at all. Even the planes worked overtime. While the average commercial airliner flew seven hours a day, a People Express jet flew ten-and-a-half hours. And, best of all, there was the niche. With cut-rate fares, a simple route structure, and no frills aboard (passengers paid for their meals), People Express appealed to travelers who normally took the bus or train or drove their own cars, or didn't have plans to go anywhere. It broadened the market.

The company did have its problems. Much as you might love the social, cultural, and economic idea, the reality, if you had to fly on the airline, was something else. The reservation network was a joke, and though a "just-in-time" inventory system might work for Japanese automakers, it's a mess for airlines. People had so few jets—and scheduled them so tightly, with so few minutes on the ground—that if a plane began the morning a half-hour

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late, it could never catch up.

The pain, of course, was part of the point. Millions of travelers—the ones who weren't in a hurry to make an appointment at Cravath at 9:30 and then get back to Washington in time for lunch at the Treasury Department—were willing to trade discomfort and inconvenience for fares that were as much as two-thirds lower than standard. The nature of this ideal capitalist exchange, freely entered into by both parties, was frequently forgotten by passengers after they'd spent an hour or two sitting on the linoleum floor opposite a gate at Newark International Airport. And being a People Express gate attendant soon climbed to near the top of my list of America's Worst Jobs, next to traffic watcher in the Lincoln Tunnel and secretary of agriculture.

BUT THE GATE attendants persevered. And workers with a stake in the company's success actually did reduce labor costs. Utilitarian terminals and airplanes and a crude reservation system reduced overhead. And, with expenses low, People Express could charge lower fares than its competition and could hold off the challenge of a price war.

These figures explain the business. In 1982 People Express brought in revenues of eight cents for every passenger mile it flew (a 500-mile flight with 80 passengers would equal 40,000 passenger miles); American Airlines, a large, full-service carrier, had revenues of 12 cents per passenger mile. But look at the costs. People's was five cents per passenger mile if the plane was full. American's was almost double: nine cents. Low fares also meant that planes were used more efficiently: more seats were occupied. In 1983 People's "load factor" was 79 percent, well over the industry average.

Today the load factor has fallen to 56 percent, and People Express is on the brink of disaster. The company has lost $132 million so far this year, one of the most spectacular dives in business history. You won't find the reason in the lines of backpackers sitting on the floor at Newark. You'll find it in a map of the United States in the middle of the company's most recent annual report. Stretched across the map are graceful, sweeping parabolas, dozens of lines. Most of them radiate from Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, and Newark, and, except for a void around Arkansas, they cover the country, connecting more than 100 cities. Three of them even glide across the Atlantic to Brussels and London.

People Express got too big. Burr, like many other CEOs, became obsessed with the G-word. He fell in love with growth. And, unlike Lorenzo, who has built Texas Air by moving cagily and confidently, Burr seemed frantic to get bigger. He can give you reasons for growth, but not very good ones. Four years ago, he told shareholders, "With no growth horizon, people have been disempowered. We've started slowing down, getting sleepy. So we've decided to set a new growth objective." And two years ago, he told *Barron's*: "High growth is important to hotshot people. Our people want opportunity: without growth, they'd be gone. It's where you get your excitement and your learning; it makes for commitment and high levels of energy."

Well, maybe. But there's a simpler answer. The people who run companies become more important when their companies become big. I've heard one CEO brag that his company had moved up 23 places on the Fortune 500. Even though profits were down, size was up—which made him more of a hotshot. To Burr, size had another attraction. By making People Express a major airline, he could prove that his methods, his philosophy—worker ownership, a lack of bureaucracy, simplicity, and low fares—were right.

Unfortunately, no one asked the worker-owners of People Express whether they thought it was a good idea to trace parabolas all over the country and beyond. They may well have been content to work hard and watch their stock rise. Instead, they've worked hard and watched Burr buy more and more planes and then, when the used-plane market tightened up, he bought whole airlines—dubious ones like Provincetown-Boston and Frontier. Two years ago, People's stock was trading at over $22 a share. When the announcement came that Texas Air had offered to purchase the company, the stock had fallen to $3.38. In short, what's done People in is the betrayal by Burr of his own philosophy. In the end he's behaved just like the traditional corporate CEOs he sneered at.

The more People Express has grown, the more money it has lost. In 1983 the company made a profit of $10 million on revenues of $287 million; in 1984, a profit of $2 million on revenues of $561 million; in 1985, a loss of $28 million on revenues of $977 million. This year People will be a billion-dollar company with losses that could hit $200 million.

THE ORIGINAL People formula worked well on short hauls to unpopular airports. But new routes put People into competition with entrenched carriers such as United and Continental in Denver. And growth also produced culture shock. From the start, the idea had been to hire employees very selectively, to make sure they were suited to long hours and "cross-utilization" (doing several jobs). Fast growth kicked that idea out the window. The obvious solution would be for People to cut itself back to its old size. Instead, this summer, the airline decided, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "to shed its very identity, . . . staking its survival on a total makeover, from a cut-rate carrier especially popular with the young to a full-service airline aimed at business travelers." People even began complicating its fare structure, offering 14-day advance-purchase deals—in violation of its distinctive and effective "same fare every flight" policy. It was the worst possible move.

People's 3,500 employees—not including managing officers—own more than five million shares of PE stock, or about 20 percent of the company. (Burr himself owns 1.2 million.) The best ending to this story would be for these employees, perhaps with help from an advocate of corporate democracy like T. Boone Pickens, to win People back from its betrayers. They could sell off the assets of Frontier (now in Chapter 11), find buyers for Provincetown-Boston and Britt (a regional line based in Chicago), sell some of People's own 78 planes, and refinance the rest. People

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Express actually can succeed as People Express, rather than as United or American or whatever other leviathan fantasy Donald Burr could conjure up. I guess it's too late now for a happy ending. But maybe not . . .

JAMES K. GLASSMAN

The case for a Daniloff swap.

OUR GUY, YOUR GUY

TO SWAP or not to swap. That is the question ever since the Russians nabbed American journalist Nicholas Daniloff in apparent retaliation for the arrest in New York on espionage charges of Gennady Zakharov, a Soviet physicist working at the United Nations. The Reagan administration, eager to get Daniloff out of the Soviet Union, first indicated that it might make a straight swap of the two men. Then, under pressure from the media and Congress, it decided that it would not. The cases are not morally equivalent, critics of such a swap declare.

No, they are not. Zakharov, so far as we know, is a spy, albeit a low-grade one who apparently had not succeeded in pilfering any secrets during the three years he has been in this country. Daniloff, so far as we know, is not a spy, but rather a journalist who was going about his business of gathering information and dispensing it to his employer, *U.S. News and World Report*. The fact that the Soviet government considered some of that information secret and Daniloff's methods of gathering it (meeting with dissidents, exchanging favors with informers) illegal does not make him a spy as we define the term.

Should we swap a spy for an honest reporter? A case can be made for three reasons. First, we want Daniloff more than the Russians want Zakharov. They can afford to wait. The media, which has switched into the America-Held-Hostage mode they perfected during the Iranian mess of 1980, will make it difficult for any administration, even this one, to sit tight. Second, the longer we delay, the longer the Russians have to build a case against Daniloff. Third, this relatively minor issue—which is little more than a dispute between the FBI and the KGB over the ground rules of their gumshoe operations—is threatening to endanger the Reagan-Gorbachev summit proposed for later this year. To be sure, a number of important people on both sides of the Iron Curtain would be delighted to see that summit scratched, which is why they are opposed to a quick resolution of the current imbroglio.

By now it is clear that both the FBI and the State Department goofed in their handling of this case. Zakharov had been trailed ever since he arrived three years earlier, and he was scheduled to leave soon. The only secret documents he had in his possession at the time of his arrest were those the FBI handed him through the intermediary of a Guyanese student on Zakharov's payroll. Instead of being expelled from the country, as he would have been had he enjoyed diplomatic immunity, or remanded to his ambassador, he was charged with espionage, sent to jail, and denied bail. The KGB, apparently irritated by this breach of ground rules—not only the sting operation set-up of Zakharov, but the denial of bail, which had never been done before—decided on a quid pro quo. A week later they set up Daniloff through another double agent, the mysterious "Misha," in an operation of almost perfect symmetry.

Why did they do it? To embarrass Gorbachev? To wreck the summit? The obvious answer here is probably the correct one: to get Zakharov back and to protest the FBI's unilateral change in ground rules. The same question can be asked of the FBI. Why did it choose to set up Zakharov when it did and then instruct the judge to deny bail? Not to sabotage the summit, probably, but to salvage an image of competence badly tarnished by letting a staggering series of high-level spies—including Edward L. Howard, Ronald Pelton, Jonathan Pollard, and the Walker family—either slip through its fingers or go unapprehended for years. The FBI badly needed to capture somebody, and Zakharov was an easy target. As for denying bail, the administration had decided on that policy a few months earlier.

So far there is nothing exceptional about either of these cases. The FBI did what it does, and naturally—our system of government being as chaotic as it is—did not check with the State Department to see whether the arrest of a Soviet agent on the eve of critical talks between the U.S. and Soviet foreign ministers might be ill-timed. Nor did the State Department bother to coordinate the FBI's hit list with its diplomatic agenda. All this is par for the course. So is the reaction of the KGB. What is unusual is that a deal has not yet been made, as deals have been made in the past.

The major stumbling block, as far as American opinion is concerned, is the question of equivalency: Zakharov is a spy, Daniloff isn't. If we equate the two, aren't we surrendering the high moral ground and perhaps establishing a bad precedent? Won't this mean that the Russians will think they can nab an innocent American every time we catch one of their spies?

To these legitimate questions there are two answers. First, the moral issue becomes increasingly muddy the longer Daniloff stays in jail. The Soviets can make a case against him, as they can against most journalists, for much of what Western journalists do in the Soviet Union violates Soviet rules of secrecy. In Daniloff's case this is compounded by his acknowledged receipt of parcels from dissidents and informers, and also by statements he has made, ostensibly in his own defense. He has declared that he has "no official or secret relationship with any intelligence agency," that he was under "no instructions" of any government agency, and if he were a "true big-time spy" his arrest would have come earlier. This is not to imply that Daniloff is a paid agent, but only that the Russians can probably build enough of a case for unofficial connections with the CIA to tarnish his image as an innocent journalist. Apparently the American public—unlike the American media—is already

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skeptical about his connections. In a Louis Harris poll 48 percent of the respondents indicated they believed Daniloff was a spy, or were not sure. A solid 56 percent opposed postponing the summit, even if the Russians refused to return Daniloff, and only 37 percent favored postponement.

On the second point: it is improbable that a straight swap will set a precedent whereby the Soviets can pick up U.S. journalists at will and indict them on phony charges. Unlike American officials, who are mostly trained as lawyers, the Soviets don't operate according to precedent. They do what they do because it fits their purposes. In this case it was irrelevant whether Daniloff was innocent or guilty. He was picked up because they wanted Zakharov back. Had Zakharov never been arrested, they would have let Daniloff leave the country for good, as he had planned, even if he were guilty of all the espionage charges they have logged against him. Just as it would be absurd to assume he was arrested, as they claim, totally incidentally to the Zakharov case, it would be equally absurd to believe that he would have been jailed without Zakharov.

Is there a face-saving way out? Yes, if both sides are willing to keep this incident in its proper perspective. We could trade Zakharov for Daniloff plus a couple of Soviet dissidents. The spy-dissident swap is one we have made often in the past, most recently in the case of Anatoly Shcharansky. The Soviets called him a spy, we called him a dissident, and the trade was made. The Russians may balk at giving up some dissidents along with Daniloff, but they too can compromise if they are interested in maintaining moderately decent relations with us. This is not a perfect deal so far as we are concerned, but mistakes like picking up Zakharov when and how we did are not cost-free. A year from now, if Washington and Moscow focus on essentials, few will remember who Daniloff and Zakharov are.

RONALD STEEL

48 hours on Crock Street.

I WAS A DRUG-HYPE JUNKIE

BY ADAM PAUL WEISMAN

IN THE national news business, there's nothing unethical about "running with a hot item." Even "milking something for all it's worth" can be justified if the story has serious implications for a broad cross section of the population. It's hard to make people care about the toxic waste problem in New Jersey unless they happen to live in New Jersey, but it is reasonable to point out that there are toxic waste dumps in other states and that the lawless people who dump waste in New Jersey probably wouldn't hesitate to dump some in the reader's own backyard if they knew he wasn't looking. What journalists, unlike politicians, do universally condemn is the practice of cooking figures and using alarmist headlines and prose to make it sound as if the toxic waste were already in your backyard, when they know damn well it isn't. But that is exactly what happened this summer with the long-running melodrama known as "the drug crisis in America."

For a reporter at a national news organization in 1986, the drug crisis in America is more than a story, it's an addiction—and a dangerous one. Some, but not all, of us feel mighty guilty for having tried to convince readers that practically everyone they know is addicted to crack, and that they too are likely to be addicted soon. We know the rush that comes from supporting these claims with a variety of questionable figures, graphs, and charts, and often we enjoy it. Blatant sensationalism is a high.

Now, I was brought up in a sober family where we were instilled with a strong Judeo-Christian sense of news value at a young age. Mom was a journalist and Dad was a liberal-minded lawyer. Sure, Mom would occasionally take a shot of *Cosmo* or *Vogue* after a hard day's work, but who doesn't? After all, it's not illegal. Dad never touched the stuff. For him it was the *New York Times* in the morning, the *New Yorker* at night. Because of my upbringing, I was considered a bit of a square on my high school and college newspapers. While my colleagues sat around the newsroom in a haze of sensationalism, passing clips from the tabloids, I sat alone, reading the trades.

I'll never forget the first time I took a hit of irresponsible journalism. My editor suggested that I use G. Gordon Liddy in a feature I was writing. I knew it was wrong. I knew Liddy was a crook and a man who didn't deserve to be in a feature story, but the temptation was too great. I called Liddy. I hesitate to admit it, but the experience was fantastic! I can only describe the feeling as a journalistic orgasm in my brain. There I was, talking to one of the most infamous figures of our time, and I kept on talking to him long after I got the quotes I needed. I just couldn't get enough.

I came down fast after the Liddy piece went to print, and I hit really hard. Richard Cohen savaged my feature in his

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column in the *Washington Post*. I became depressed. My productivity declined. Then my editor called me in and offered me authorship of a story on drug abuse in America. He gave me the angle, told me the points we wanted to make and how he wanted it to conclude. Again, I tried to resist. This wasn't back-of-the-book recreational sensationalism. This was the hard stuff: a cover story.

I'd seen what irresponsible drug stories had done to other magazines, reducing them to four-color zombies, begging readers from the tabloids and drooping off the supermarket racks without a shred of journalistic integrity left in their spines. Then I thought, hey, maybe it can be done responsibly. Nancy Reagan talks about drugs and still stands tall, so does Jesse Jackson. I made the classic mistake. I thought: "It won't happen to me."

I CALLED the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) for their statistics, made some calls to well-known doctors, and ordered clips up from the library. Everything I read and everybody I talked to made drugs sound really bad, and I began to become intoxicated by the overwhelmingly negative reputation they have. What I didn't realize was that I was losing track of the facts and slipping into a journalistic dream world where the writer is free to write almost anything he chooses because nobody is going to call him on it. Nobody, but nobody was going to defend drug abuse in America, least of all the people who use drugs every day. In a way, it was the perfect cover story: sensational, colorful, gruesome, alarmist, with a veneer of social responsibility. Unfortunately, it just wasn't true.

Let me say flat out that drug abuse in America is not a good thing, and that people who do drugs have become more messed up in recent years as drugs have become cheaper, more plentiful, and more potent. The problem is, the statistics do not show that more people are doing drugs. That doesn't mean drug abuse isn't a major problem. It is. But it is not, as *Newsweek* would have it, an epidemic "as pervasive and as dangerous in its way as the plagues of medieval times." Nor are drugs, as *U.S. News and World Report* puts it, "the nation's No. 1 menace." Not while we still have poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, malnutrition, murder, and the Soviet Union.

But here's how it looked to you folks at home. The *Atlantic* was first and best, publishing a thorough, non-alarmist cover story about cocaine in January. Starting in March, *Newsweek* did three covers on drug abuse within five months. *Time* used drugs on the cover twice, in March and September, and gave them a cover line in between. *U.S. News and World Report* devoted a cover to drugs on July 28. Ted Koppel chatted with his video monitors about it.

All of the network news shows covered it ad nauseum and reductio ad absurdum in their nightly reports. CBS iced the cake September 2 with a "news" documentary called "48 Hours on Crack Street." According to the Nielsen ratings, "Crack Street" earned the highest rating for any news documentary on any network in more than five-and-a-half years, delivering almost 15 million news addicts to its advertisers—three times the highest estimate for the number of regular cocaine users in America. Three days later, NBC ran its cocaine special, "Cocaine Country." In Tom Shales's (negative) review in the *Washington Post* of Brokaw and Company's effort, he asked a pertinent question: "If the problem is as critical as they keep saying, why does this broadcast seem so listless?"

NOW I'LL MAKE the call. Based on NIDA's figures for 1985, 17 percent of all high school seniors have tried cocaine at least once in their life. That's a whopping increase of one percent from 1984. Between 1982 and 1984, the percentage held steady at 16.

An upward trend? Sorry. In 1981, 17 percent said they had tried the white stuff. Yes, the percentage did go up in 1985, but it has been hovering around the 16 percent mark for almost seven years. Wouldn't it be more accurate to refer to the '84 to '85 increase as a fluctuation? If we were talking about the stock market, would a one percent increase four years after a one percent decrease and a three-year period of stability be cover-story material? Not on your life. Maybe that's the point. We're talking about human lives here, not meaningless statistics based on cold, hard cash. Fair enough. But it doesn't make for hot news. "Use of cocaine among high school seniors increased one percent in 1985, according to statistics released today by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. At a press conference in Washington, D.C., a spokesman for NIDA said . . ." Look for that item on page 23 of your local paper in the capsule news column.

Here are some other drug abuse trends. According to NIDA, among 1985 high school seniors, one-time-minimum use of marijuana is down. So is the use of inhalants, hallucinogens, stimulants, sedatives, barbiturates, alcohol, and cigarettes. What's up, other than cocaine? Nothing. Several categories have held steady, including amyl and butyl nitrates, LSD, PCP, heroin, opiates other than heroin, and tranquilizers.

Now put yourself in my position. Are you alarmed by NIDA's statistics? Not particularly. Do you believe them? They're probably as good as any statistics you're going to find. What about the most alarming category, daily use? It remains unalarmingly low, less than one percent. Are you concerned about drug abuse in America? Yes. Do you believe your readers need to be given hard statistical evidence that substances conclusively proven to be bad in most every way constitute the greatest known threat to American society? Of course not.

Do I feel bad coming right out in a national magazine and saying something that will probably be misinterpreted by many people as a dismissal of the drug abuse problem in America, and a tacit admission that drugs are OK? Yes, I do, but not half as bad as I felt when I was selectively writing only the facts I uncovered that made drug abuse sound like an ever-increasing problem, while leaving out the plethora of equally legitimate mitigating circumstances.

I've given you the real numbers. Now let's look at the

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facts. Just about every expert I interviewed, from Dr. Charles Schuster, the director of NIDA, to Dr. Carlton Turner, director of the White House Drug Abuse Policy Office, agrees that the No. 1 drug threat in America today is alcohol. But you already knew that, and besides, it's boring, so let's move on to something sexier.

The percentage of high school seniors who have used heroin at least once in their lives has been the same since 1979: one percent. Deaths from heroin overdoses, on the other hand, are increasing, according to the Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN). If the number of heroin overdoses increases 35 percent this year, the 1986 total will be the same as that of 1975, a year in which we had a gas crisis, not a drug crisis. Still, heroin is only No. 2 in terms of overdose deaths. Alcohol in combination with other drugs is still No. 1 (1,131 deaths in 1984), and alcohol alone contributes to as many as 100,000 deaths annually. But let's overlook that fact, because it makes alcohol sound worse than heroin.

Now, cocaine is bad stuff. It contributed to 613 overdose fatalities last year. *Newsweek* says in its August 11 issue that there are five million "regular" coke users. Other drug stories have quoted similar figures, all attributed to NIDA. I have most of NIDA's publications in my files, and the only source for that figure I can find is a report that reads "between three and five million used cocaine during the last month."

OK, the media took the high end of the estimate. They have to go sit in the corner. But NIDA, in most of its surveys, uses four categories to establish the pervasiveness of drug abuse: "ever used," "used in last year," "used in past month," and "daily users." Lots of people experiment with lots of things at least once in their life. Clearly one is more suspect if he or she has experimented with a drug in the last month, but there is an inherent fallacy in using such a figure to imply regular behavior and therefore addiction. *Time* recognized this in its September 15 cover story, where it cited figures from the same NIDA survey but referred to seniors who used cocaine in the past month as "current users," not "regular users."

Maybe I'm being picky here, but we're talking about statistics, not opinions, so we have to be precise. People who used cocaine in the past month are not necessarily regular users. People who use cocaine daily are regular users. In the report being discussed, NIDA does not offer an updated figure for daily use, so the media had to fudge their numbers. When in doubt, scare the reader. Remember, *Newsweek* is the magazine that said unmarried 40-year-old women have a better chance of being killed by a terrorist than of finding a husband.

HOW ABOUT PCP? "Angel Dust" gets a lot of press. Because it kills a lot of people? Not really. According to DAWN, Angel Dust killed 194 people last year, and the numbers have been declining steadily since 1983. The number of high school seniors who have tried PCP is down substantially from its peak in 1979. Experts who work in drug enforcement and rehabilitation make it clear that PCP use is almost exclusively limited to the inner city, and they pinpoint Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., as the only hotbeds. In their opinion, the PCP craze of the 1970s has already come and gone, leaving behind it (as drug crazes always do) a sad but relatively small group of people who can't stop using it. They also point out that most people who try PCP do not like it and don't use it a second time. It is just not accurate to include PCP with cocaine and marijuana in an enlightened analysis of the pervasiveness of drug abuse any more than it would be accurate to include banging your head against the wall in a survey of popular leisure activities. Sure, some people do it, but most people who try it once never do it again.

Let's talk about "designer drugs." It is true that many designer drugs, or "synthetic analogues," as they are called by experts, are easy to make. They are equally easy to outlaw, which the DEA does as soon as it finds an analogue on the street. How easy do you think it is for someone with a college background in chemistry to discover new analogues? Not very. Analogues are sold as the drug they mimic (heroin). Since it's so easy to get heroin, nobody needs designer drugs. So the story isn't how pervasive the use of designer drugs is. (Dr. Darryl Inaba, director of the drug detox project at San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, told me he had seen a pronounced "lull" in their use since last July, and California was considered the center of designer drug abuse.) The story isn't that designer drugs are legal. So what is the story? As far as I can tell, there is no story, which news organizations may finally discover after the Controlled Substances Analogues Enforcement Act is passed by the House (the Senate has already passed it), making all synthetic analogues illegal.

TO SAY THAT marijuana has assumed a unique place in the drug culture—and in American culture at large—is an understatement. It is still America's most popular illicit drug (54 percent of high school seniors have tried it), though its popularity has been declining slowly but surely since 1981. The idea that marijuana is harmless to the body and mind has gone the way of the Edsel. Research has proven that heavy use depresses production of sperm, contributes to lung cancer, and causes heavy users to suffer that unique form of lethargic depression known as "burnout." Still, NIDA agrees with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws that lowered sperm production and burnout can both be reversed if one stops smoking pot.

The battle that was waged in the 1960s and '70s to keep people from smoking pot would seem to have been lost. Marijuana is entrenched, socially and economically. Still, that hasn't stopped people from trying to get other people to stop smoking it. In fact, a new wave of anti-drug organizations led by the National Parents' Resource Institute for Drug Education (PRIDE) has stepped up its efforts and is rallying around a central theme, which is—stop me if you've heard this one before—marijuana leads to harder stuff. As PRIDE explains it: "Ten years of national surveys now reinforce the public's perception that marijuana is the gateway into further illegal-drug usage."

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In fact, PRIDE offers little new evidence to back up this assertion. Its pamphlet states conclusively: "Certainly many casual experimenters do *not* try other drugs, but among pot-smokers, a shocking 60 percent do progress to 'harder' drugs. Conversely, if young people do *not* smoke pot, the odds are 98-to-1 that they will *ever* try any other illicit drug." Such an argument proves little more than that people who are inclined to do drugs are inclined to do drugs. It makes little headway against NIDA statistics that show the number of 13-year-olds who tried marijuana between 1978 and 1982 (15.2 million) tripling from the period between 1968 and 1972. The fact is, marijuana is so available that experimentation among young teenagers has become an entrenched adolescent institution. But if teenage use is not increasing overall, it is obvious that these young experimenters are not sinking into Reefer Madness or going on to harder drugs.

I don't have a survey handy, but I think it has been pretty well proven that young people will try almost *anything* that is available to them, especially under pressure from their peers. This is a tough set of circumstances for any organization to combat, but PRIDE's best bet is drug and health education, what experts call "primary prevention." As Chauncey Veatch III, director of California's drug and alcohol programs, told me, "This country has embraced a better living through chemistry lifestyle. The only way to fight it is to start educating with the *youngest* child." To its credit, PRIDE is a prime mover in the struggle to educate young people about drugs. Its efforts aren't much helped by the hype cum glamorization of the media. Six months ago, crack was a street-corner drug in a handful of big cities. Thanks to the media, everyone everywhere knows about it—and wants to try it. "We haven't come across it yet," one law enforcement official from rural Michigan told the *New York Times*. "But I think just because there's cocaine available, it will surface here sometime."

NOW FOR EVERYMAN'S drug: alcohol. Like heroin and cocaine, alcohol is a dependence-forming psychoactive drug. Unlike heroin and cocaine, it killed 98,186 people in 1980. For years the medical community has been urging that alcohol be included in any analysis of drug abuse. While public concern about alcoholism, drunk driving, and teenage drinking has been rising, the press still tends toward separate discussion of drugs and alcohol. Ostensibly, the difference is that alcohol is legal, but really it is because alcohol use and abuse gets people too close to where they live: the corner tavern, the Super Bowl party, the 19th hole. You've heard it before, and I hate to be the one to say it again, but 92 percent of high school seniors have tried booze. The National Institute on Alcohol Abuse (NIAA) estimates that two-thirds of all adults are drinkers. There are nearly 18 million alcoholics and alcohol abusers in the United States today, and 28 million young people (seven million of them under the age of 18) are the children of problem drinkers. If we really believe new and draconian laws are going to stop drug abuse, we should first reconsider our permissive laws governing alcohol.

Not only do the figures for alcohol abuse dwarf those of all illicit drugs, they reduce to high comedy the flap over "legal" designer drugs. Alcohol is truly legal, and nothing could be more "designer" than a tall, frosty glass topped with a pink parasol. And talk about a threat to society. Alcohol was involved in 50 percent of all car accidents last year. For people between the ages of 15 and 24, alcohol-related automobile fatalities are the No. 1 cause of death. In 1983 our country spent an estimated $116.7 billion taking care of and rehabilitating its alcoholics, paying for their early mortality and making amends for their reduced productivity and the crimes they committed.

It should be noted that even in places like Harlem or the South Bronx, where Dr. Benny Primm's clinics have fought drug abuse since 1966, alcohol is still the most severe problem, and it is a complex one. Primm points out that 30 to 40 percent of his methadone maintenance patients are also alcoholics. "I can't regulate their blood pressure on methadone if they're drinking," laments Primm. "Alcohol is the main reason I lose methadone patients."

No wonder Bill Gregory, the spokesman for the NIAA who is in charge of relating alcohol abuse figures to the press, sounds so depressed on the phone. He fields a lot of calls, but almost never gets quoted in the press because he doesn't "give good copy." Here's the pithiest thing he said to me: "Alcohol is our nation's No. 1 drug abuse problem." That's not going to stop the presses.

IS THERE A real drug story in 1986? I think there is, but I'm not going to spill a whole lot of ink over it. I refer readers to *Time*'s June 2 story, "Crack." Again, you will see the inaccurate figures and the gruesome pictures and read the prose dripping with fear and loathing, but you will also get a more reasonable three-page feeling for why it is worth worrying about this highly potent, highly addictive form of cocaine.

And why is that? Because crack has hit No. 1 with a bullet on the drug charts. Crack has become a focus of national attention and has captured the imagination of the many silly and fewer not-so-silly people who are willing to put dangerous things into their bodies. The reason for crack's notoriety is the reason for Madonna's: the media. True, the media have helped crack achieve national prominence (you can tune in CBS in Montana more easily than you can buy crack), but you can't blame crack use on reporters any more than you can blame it on the pushers in Washington Heights. Like the pushers, the media just gives the people what they want.

I'm not an expert on drug abuse. Thanks to the assignment thrust on me, I just know a good deal more about the subject than most people and a lot more than I care to. I'm clean now but I've seen the depths of drug journalism depravity. A little education has helped me kick the habit that once threatened to ruin my career. Now I hope that I can help others avoid making the same mistake I did. So if someone offers you drugs or the opportunity to write a cover story about them, take a tip from Nancy Reagan: just say no. □

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WELFARE & WORK: A SYMPOSIUM

Editors' note:
Mickey Kaus's article "The Work Ethic State" (TNR, July 7) seems to have crystallized an emerging and overdue national debate about the poor in America. Kaus proposed scrapping the current welfare system completely and replacing it with a guaranteed WPA-style public service jobs program. But Kaus's plan had several unusual twists. First, he called for making work mandatory. Employable poor people who refused to take a job would receive no public assistance. Second, he proposed that these jobs pay less than the current minimum wage so as to keep them from siphoning off workers currently employed in the private sector.

We asked seven experts for their reaction to Kaus's article and for their own thoughts on how America can reduce the numbers of people living in poverty.

Barbara Ehrenreich and Frances Fox Piven are collaborating on a book responding to right-wing positions on social welfare issues. Robert Kuttner, TNR's economics correspondent, defended the European-style welfare state in his book *Economic Illusion*. Sylvia Ann Hewlett, an economist and the author of *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America*, is a member of the Project on the Welfare of Families, co-chaired by Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt and Arthur S. Flemming. William Julius Wilson, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, is best known for his work arguing that the significance of race in American society is declining while class differences are becoming more pronounced. David T. Ellwood is associate professor of public policy at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. His studies with Mary Jo Bane have shown that higher welfare benefits don't seem to encourage the breakup of families. Lawrence Mead, associate professor of politics at New York University, argues in his book *Beyond Entitlement* that the welfare system has failed because it is too permissive. Charles Murray staked out the definitive conservative critique of Great Society social programs of the 1960s in *Losing Ground*, where he contended that the welfare system has created a dependent class.

THE ALARM CLOCK SYNDROME

Mickey Kaus proposes to abolish the "culture of poverty," which according to his estimate flourishes among ten percent to 15 percent of welfare recipients, by abolishing welfare. This is analogous to closing all hospitals because some people get sick in them, or abolishing the postal service because a tiny minority uses it to perpetrate fraud. We do not question whether Kaus's proposal will work; you can always kill a fly with a hand grenade.

What about the other 85 percent to 90 percent of single mothers on welfare who would be herded up, along with the presumed degenerates, into morally uplifting public sector jobs paying three dollars an hour? Many of these are recent divorcees, often from middle-class marriages, who need welfare while they regroup, find child care, and attempt to enter the job market. Some are wives in flight from abusive husbands, temporarily homeless and traumatized. Most are already victims of a job market that specializes in offering women work that is episodic or part-time and that pays far less than the penurious "poverty level" calculated by the federal government. These women, who somehow manage to raise their children single-handedly *and* piece together a living on Burger King-level jobs and social welfare crumbs are—with all due respect to the stressed-out yuppies of media fame—among the hardest-working people in America.

But leaving them aside for a minute, let us consider the "dregs of the work force" who are the intended beneficiaries of Kaus's proposal. Suppose that they *are* all wallowing in the "culture of poverty," and suppose that this is indeed a lamentable state—much worse, say, than the "culture of Park Avenue" or the "culture of Wall Street." Kaus is not proposing to do anything about their poverty—at least not seriously at three dollars an hour and a wave of the hand to Earned Income Tax Credits. All he proposes to change is their "culture." The poor will be as poor as ever, but they will know how to wind an alarm clock.

There is another approach, so ancient as to be once again novel: leave the "culture" of the poor alone for the moment and try to do something about their *poverty*. For example, raise AFDC (welfare) benefits to an amount that a family could decently live on—say, the median family income (about $27,000 a year) or even half of that. Too expensive? Remember, "the point isn't to save money," as Kaus tells us, it's to abolish the underclass. As the squalor of poverty lifts—and with it the awful uncertainty and demoralization—the Protestant work ethic values admired by Kaus will have at least a fighting chance.

Ah, but you say, think of the "unintended consequences." If welfare paid enough to allow people to live at some level of dignity and comfort, wouldn't everyone drop their low-wage jobs and come flocking to the Department of Social Services? Who would be left to fry our burgers, sweep our offices, and change our bedpans? People might begin to believe that they are worth something more than the current, subpoverty minimum wage of $3.35 an hour.

But that is exactly the "consequence" we should be aiming for. The real problem, as even Kaus acknowledges in occasional moments of insight, is not welfare, but the fact that an increasing number of jobs do not pay enough to subsist on. If the public sector gave the poor and dislocated enough to live on (through unemployment compensation as well as AFDC), the private sector would no longer be able to get away with coolie wages. Wages would rise, and pretty soon the work ethic would begin to make sense as something other than a bludgeon with which to beat up on the down-and-out.

BARBARA EHRENREICH
FRANCES FOX PIVEN

JOBS PLUS COMPASSION

Mickey Kaus takes a fundamentally good idea—full employment backed up by public jobs—and manages to make it punitive and churlish. He is glib about intractable problems like the dilemma of mothers of very small children. AFDC mothers won't cooperate by signing up for three-dollar-an-hour jobs? No problem, take away their kids! Perhaps neoliberal social critics will adopt them.

Kaus is too hard on "soft workfare," but far too soft on the practical problems of implementing a subminimum-wage jobs program for semiliterate mothers of small children. As Kaus notes, work requirements have been a nominal part of welfare policy since 1967. Why, then, has nobody yet devised a "hard workfare" program tough enough to satisfy Kaus? Surely it isn't because AFDC mothers are a popular constituency, or because of those nefarious anti-poverty lawyers. It is because it's extremely difficult to motivate, or supervise work projects for, soci-

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ety's most troubled people without either spending a lot of money for support or letting the devil take the hindmost.

Nobody has ever operated anything close to a WPA for welfare mothers. The only such programs that have succeeded, in Kaus's terms, in instilling a work ethic have had two ingredients that Kaus disdains: a large element of what he snidely dismisses as "social work"—job training and personal supports. These have resulted in a real improvement in economic condition.

Massachusetts's ET is one such program. Yes, ET inflates its numbers, but it undeniably helps welfare mothers get out of the self-perpetuating cycle of dependence and into jobs far better than the three-an-hour ones Kaus proposes.

As Reagan's attempt to get tough with disability claimants proved, there is no surgical way to remove the borderline cases without hurting deserving ones. Leaving work dropouts to the tender mercies of "soup kitchens" might compel some idlers to work at subminimum-wage jobs, but it would also make the ghetto an even bleaker, more alienated place and the society a nastier one.

Kaus also glosses over the effect of three-dollar-an-hour jobs on the labor market. There may be some fat left in the public sector, but there are many exemplars of the work ethic with $10,000- to $20,000-a-year jobs in state and local government. What happens to them when armies of subminimum-wage workers sweep in? The public employee unions would support a public jobs program that paid a decent wage and offered the eventual prospect of permanent employment.

Liberals need to rehabilitate the worthy idea of public service employment—but not as a cheap and punitive cure for the multiple pathologies of the black underclass. With a bit more compassion, Kaus's blueprint could be turned into a decent program. Suppose the public jobs paid four dollars an hour; suppose in the case of heads of households the government made up half of the difference between that wage and six dollars an hour, as Brandeis University professor Robert Lerman suggests. Suppose these jobs offered high school equivalency courses as a fringe benefit, for extra pay. Suppose they served as feeders into real civil service jobs, or ET-style private sector jobs. In short, suppose they offered the promise of improved lives, rather than just society getting its pound of flesh. Then, and only then, it might make sense to put some time limit on AFDC benefits.

It is not hard to design, in Kaus's term, "authoritarian" systems of coerced work. But no known model of this approach is terribly attractive, or terribly liberal. Neoliberalism on the cheap adds up not to a work ethic state, but a forced labor state.

ROBERT KUTTNER

MAKING ALLOWANCES

Mickey Kaus correctly identifies the lack of child care as a major obstacle preventing low-income single mothers from obtaining jobs. But creating a special system of day care for the poor would quickly degenerate into a custodial operation attracting neither significant public funding nor community support. The dramatic changes in American family life over the last several decades have made it clear that we need a much broader system of supports for the bearing and rearing of children.

Thirty years ago men represented 70 percent of the work force. Today they make up only 55 percent of the work force, and nearly 70 percent of mothers with school-age children work outside the home, as do half of all mothers with children under one year old. Yet 60 percent of working women have no rights to maternity leave when they give birth to a child, and the federal government is spending 25 percent less money on child care than it did in 1980. Because of this lack of support, most women pay a big penalty when they become mothers—losing, on average, 20 percent of their earning power in the two years following childbirth. Since most modern families rely heavily on female earnings, these penalties exert a substantial toll not only on single mothers in the ghetto, but on millions of working couples struggling to put together a decent standard of living.

One of the best kept secrets is that family income in the United States has declined every year since 1973. (In 1973 median family income stood at $28,167; by 1984 it had dropped to $26,433.) Families with young children have been hardest hit. Many wives no longer can afford to quit their jobs when they have children. They need to stay in the labor force to help pay the rent and buy the groceries.

What we need is a new system of family supports that include job-protected parental leave (along the lines of the bill currently before Congress), flexible work schedules, an expanded system of preschools for three-, four-, and five-year-olds, and a generous child allowance for families with a household income of less than $30,000 a year.

This allowance, consisting of $100 per month per child under the age of six, paid directly to eligible families, would accomplish a range of social policy goals: (1) It would demonstrate that, we as a nation, value children; (2) It would bring the income of welfare mothers above the poverty line without discriminating against the working poor or against intact, two-parent families. Too often social policies have targeted broken families without helping those with children who are struggling to remain viable in a hostile social and economic climate; (3) It would support child-raising while preserving private choice. Working parents could use the allowance to help pay for child care, or to enable a parent to stay at home and raise the children in a more traditional manner.

The child care allowance would not be prohibitively expensive. It could be partially paid for by eliminating the child care tax credit, an inefficient and unfair way of subsidizing families, since the benefit mostly goes to professional women. The tax credit costs the federal government $2 billion a year. Total costs for a child allowance program would be in the region of $5 billion to $10 billion a year, a small price to pay to bolster the security and stability of families with young children. A child allowance may be an innovation in America, but most Western democracies have some version of such a system in place.

A program of family supports with a child allowance as its centerpiece is one of the few policy initiatives that could capture the imagination of the electorate in this age of budget cutting and limited social conscience. However serious the needs of the women and children on welfare, no acts will be passed and no money will be spent until we also address the needs of middle America. Too many families are pinching and scraping, while dealing with the agonies of latchkey children and third-rate day care. They have little appetite for new social programs, but would surely support a set of policies that improved family life across the board.

SYLVIA ANN HEWLETT

THE 'CULTURE' CLUB

Mickey Kaus's policy agenda for "The Work Ethic State" is one of the most

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imaginative, persuasive, and realistic proposals that have been advanced to attack inner-city joblessness and welfare dependency. It is rather strange, therefore, that this thoughtful analysis is based on highly questionable claims about the existence and influence of a ghetto "culture of poverty." Kaus boldly asserts that no one "can doubt that there is a culture of poverty out there that has taken on a life of its own," most frequently citing Nicholas Lemann's *Atlantic* article on "The Origins of the Underclass" and Leon Dash's series in the *Washington Post* on black teenage pregnancy. These journalistic accounts are vulnerable when subjected to critical intellectual scrutiny.

As Kaus correctly points out, "Lemann stresses a fairly direct connection between those blacks who worked in the sharecropping system in the South and those who formed the lower class of the ghettos after the great migration north." But the systematic research on urban poverty and recent migration consistently shows that Southern-born blacks who have migrated to the urban North have lower unemployment rates, higher labor-force participation rates, and lower welfare rates than Northern-born blacks. This research, which includes four major studies since 1975, is not even mentioned by Lemann.

It is true that the presence of stable working- and middle-class families in the ghetto provides mainstream role models that reinforce values pertaining to employment, education, and family structure. But a far more important effect is the institutional stability that these families provide in these neighborhoods because of their greater economic and educational resources, especially during periods of economic stagnation.

It is also important to recognize that children growing up in neighborhoods in which the working and middle classes have departed thereby occupy different niches with respect to jobs, opportunities for marriage, and exposure to conventional role models. Take opportunities for marriage. Kaus refers to the Dash article when stating that teenage girls in the inner city "are often ridiculed by other girls if they remain virgins too long into their teens." Kaus argues that "once AFDC benefits reach a certain threshold that allows poor single mothers to survive, the culture of the underclass can start growing as women have babies for all the various non-welfare reasons they have them."

However, the actual black teenage birth rates in 1983—that is, the number of live births per 1,000 women—was 35 percent less than in 1970, and 40 percent less than in 1960. How does the "culture of poverty" argument of black teenage childbearing explain this? The real problem, you see, is not the rate of teenage childbearing, but the proportion of teenage births that are out-of-wedlock, which has substantially increased. One competing (and to my mind, more persuasive) explanation associates the increase in the ratio of out-of-wedlock births and the rate of female-headed families with the declining labor market status of young black males, that is to say the shrinking pool of marriageable—employed—black men.

Cultural values do not ultimately determine behavior or success. Rather, cultural values emerge from specific circumstances and life chances and reflect one's position in the racial-class structure. Thus, if underclass blacks have low aspirations or do not plan for the future, it is not ultimately the result of different cultural norms, but the product of restricted opportunities, a bleak future, and feelings of resignation originating from unpleasant personal experiences. Despite the claims of journalists about the ascendancy of an autonomous "culture of poverty," this fundamental principle has yet to be challenged seriously by systematic academic research.

WILLIAM JULIUS WILSON

OUTSIDE THE GHETTO

Mickey Kaus's "humane" cure for the "culture of poverty" loses much of its logic and humanity when one realizes that the "underclass," however it is defined, is but a tiny minority of the poor. The 1980 Census shows that less than 12 percent of the poor female-headed families with children live in severe poverty areas (census tracts with poverty rates over 40 percent) of large and moderate-sized cities. If we confined our analysis to blacks, as Kaus suggests we could, we'd be looking at less than ten percent of the poor single mothers. These isolated and concentrated poor may be the most visible and troubled members of our society, but they are not typical of the poor.

Kaus does acknowledge that the "underclass embraces only a minority of the poor." Yet he still asks us to punish all welfare recipients because of frustration over the situation of a few. The group that would be hardest hit as a result would be single mothers with children, since most single individuals and male-headed families don't qualify for much assistance. Kaus insists that all single mothers ought to work all the time in order to provide financial support for the family. Almost half of the children born today will spend some time in a single-parent home. So this proposal will be felt not only in the ghettos of America, but also in the heartland.

Is it fair or desirable to ask all single mothers to provide all the support of the family? It is true that most married mothers are now working, but they most commonly work part time or part year. Less than 30 percent of married mothers work full year, full time (as compared to 37 percent for female family heads). Given the patterns for married mothers, it seems more than a bit extreme to insist that all single mothers work all the time. Kaus's approach does not allow a mother to work only part time, and in any case part-time work at a wage below the minimum wage would hardly feed the children, much less house or clothe them.

Instead, we ought to provide some sort of income supplement either through a guaranteed child support payment (paid by the father with a minimum guaranteed by the government) or some sort of children's allowance. That plus a part-time job might give mothers a serious chance to escape welfare. Besides these income supplements, single mothers ought to be assured of at least several years of transitional public assistance: public assistance coupled with training and services.

Those who still were not self-supporting after these supplements and after the transitional assistance program would rightly command more serious concern. Only for this much smaller group is it logical to even consider "hard workfare" or guaranteed jobs without welfare or some form of more intensive and comprehensive aid. And workfare need not be as harsh as Kaus insists. With the other income supplements, part-time work is all that need be expected.

I do not share Kaus's conceptions of America's ghettos. I think he confuses the symptoms of deprivation, concentration, isolation, abysmal education, and limited opportunity with the causes. These areas need urgent and immediate assistance. Guaranteed jobs would probably help. But whatever one finds in the ghettos, they are not representative. Those who make poverty policy seeing only the black faces in Harlem commit as grave a sin as those who ignore

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those faces in the first place.

DAVID T. ELLWOOD

NOT ONLY WORK WORKS

Mickey Kaus is right to say that the poor have to work. But I would disagree that everyone has to work immediately and that government has to provide all the jobs.

Kaus says that "only work works." But it is probably too tough on the employable recipients, and too tough politically, to expect all of them to work immediately. Many have never worked steadily, and they need some kind of preparation. Work programs will not pass, or survive, unless they have an important training dimension.

Nor is it necessary to avoid training to put people to work. What seems to motivate recipients is required participation of *some* sort. To judge from existing work programs, you can put people into either job search or training, and they will go to work, provided participation is mandatory. To obligate them to do *something* is more important than what it is. We should aim to maximize the percentage of employable recipients who have to do something active every day: either work or preparation for work. In its own work proposals, the Reagan administration has wisely shifted from demanding immediate work for everyone to seeking higher participation levels.

You do have to keep training from becoming an escape from work, as it has sometimes been in the past. Training has to be for limited periods, after which clients have to accept even unpleasant jobs. Or require a work history as a prerequisite for training, and require that clients return to work regularly between periods of training. This ensures that they come to terms with the labor market as it is, and that they have the elemental work discipline needed to profit from training.

Kaus also relies unduly on government to provide the jobs for the recipients. The evidence is that low-paid private jobs are already available in most areas, even in cities where unemployment rates are high. Of course, employment cannot strictly speaking be guaranteed unless government provides it, but you need only a small pool of public jobs to do that. We need to emphasize private-sector job search and placement, and use the government slots as a backup. This is what most of the new AFDC work programs have done.

The danger with public jobs, especially if you create as many as Kaus wants, is that they are not real. They turn out to be less demanding than private positions, partly because the government faces no bottom line. Kaus's jobs would be low-paid, but to judge from experience, transition out of them into the private sector would not "take care of itself." Rather, we should put most recipients to work out in the marketplace in the first place.

Kaus seems to have mixed a social policy proposal with the traditional liberal goal of using government to improve on the private economy. The point of his public jobs seems to be to guarantee work in a humane form. Government may well treat disadvantaged employees better than private employers, who might be abusive.

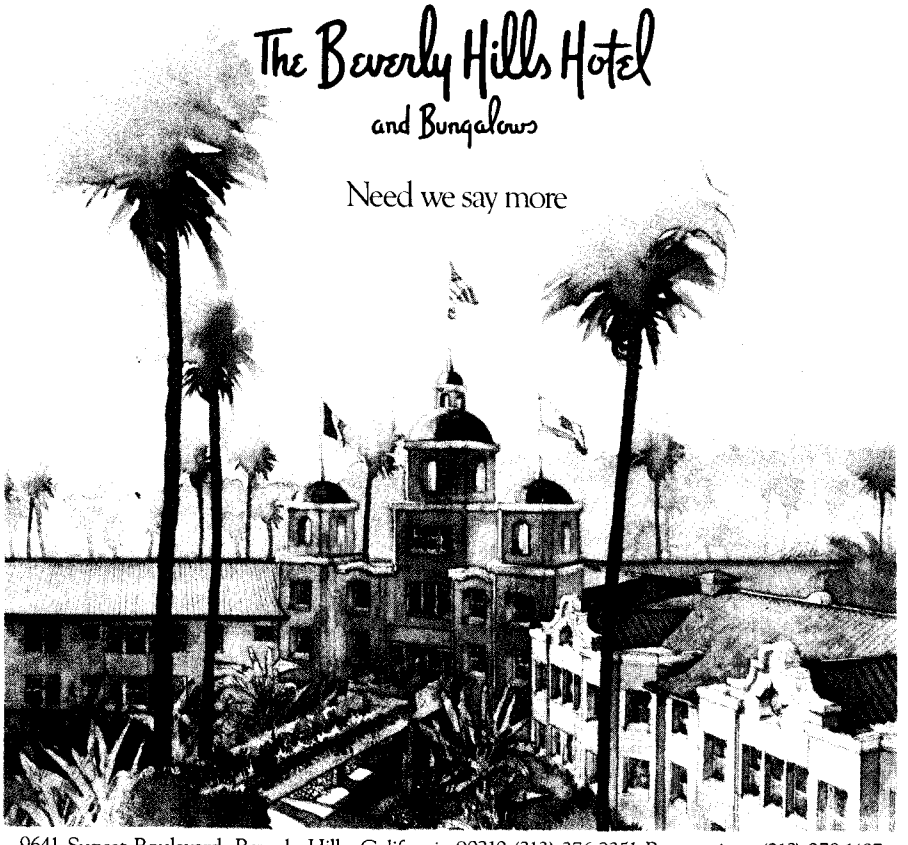
But whatever the truth of these concerns, addressing them in a welfare program does not help the poor. The cause of equality requires that the poor be held to the same standards as other people. It is invidious to worry more about their working conditions than those of others. We already have laws to protect workers, all workers. If we want to improve working conditions or raise the minimum wage, we should do it for everyone, not just the poor.

Rather than use the poor as a stalking horse for collectivism, we should address their work problem in its own right. The way to solve it is to expect them to work, or get ready to work, in the kind of ordinary jobs that most other Americans do every day.

LAWRENCE MEAD

INFTTC

Cutting through the muddle-headedness we have been hearing about workfare, Mickey Kaus tells us that a successful program has to do three things: The jobs must be real and must be treated that way. Otherwise, we will reproduce the worst of the CETA projects, with people being taught how to avoid work, not do it. The benefits must be less than for comparable work in the private sector. Otherwise we will broaden dependency (as well as play havoc with the labor market). And the system must be universal. Its effectiveness depends on people as-



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suming that they can't evade it.

Kaus's system will work if it is implemented exactly as he prescribes. The catch is that the federal government cannot implement his system. Imagine what will happen if it tried.

A large proportion of the people who are supposed to participate will be unemployable by the standards of the private sector, meaning that they won't show up for work regularly, won't get much done when they do show up, will quit at any excuse. There is no known technique for changing the work habits of large numbers of such persons, even when military discipline is available. (See what happened when the Army tried. "Losing Battle" by David Evans, TNR, June 30.) The logic of Kaus's program is that such behavior will be changed over time: if there is no alternative to work, people will eventually become "job-ready." He's right. But in the meantime, thousands of people will have to be fired.

How? Ask the people who run existing work programs; the answers are not encouraging. An intricate body of labor and welfare law and a cadre of ACLU and Legal Services lawyers guarantee that Kaus cannot construct a program that enforces work standards. The program administrators will be lucky if they can require even that people show up at the work site to qualify for their pay. And lacking work standards, the program will fall apart.

Even if the work standards could be maintained, Kaus's program will be gutted by the reflexive response that has done in every other attempt to make public assistance less attractive than employment at low wages: "It's Not Fair To The Children" (INFTTC).

What is to be done with women who get fired or who refuse to participate in the first place? Kaus again has the right idea: that's their choice—let them survive as they may. But are we to let children go hungry because their parents won't work? Of course not. Are we to take such children from their parents? Of course not. So a shadow benefit program will develop for those who don't participate. Eventually these benefits will be equivalent to the work benefits. Otherwise, INFTTC.

INFTTC also means that program jobs cannot be paid an invariant wage. The concept of "pay" must give way to the concept of "allowance." After all, a woman with five children cannot be expected to subsist on a less-than-minimum wage: INFTTC. Allowances will vary according to family size and for families with even a few children will exceed the amounts to be earned in the private sector.

The universality rule is also doomed. In the first month after the Kaus program is inaugurated, the network news will be jammed with features about infants left untended while mothers go to work, and about men who collapse on the job because the supervisors didn't believe their stories about bad backs. People will be exempted—first a few (those with really small children and really bad backs), then more (those with fairly small children and fairly bad backs), and soon anyone with a few smarts who can't get out of the work requirement just won't be trying very hard.

Two issues should be kept separate. The federal government knows how to give things, and therefore the government can provide less-than-minimum-wage work for the person who has tried his damnedest but just cannot find a job. The problems I have described are comparatively minor for people who want to work but cannot find a job. These people, however, do not make up the underclass.

What Kaus wants to do is bring members of that underclass back into participation in American society. His diagnosis of what is required to do so is acute and brave. But he is asking the government to behave like a concerned friend or relative or neighbor or church congregation, helping while at the same time holding people responsible for their behavior. Governments cannot do that. They try, and the harder they try the more totalitarian they become, but they never succeed.

CHARLES MURRAY

Mickey Kaus replies:

What do I mean by saying there is a largely black "culture of poverty"? I don't mean cultural values are not "ultimately" (Professor Wilson's fudge word) the product of "restricted opportunities." I don't mean poor blacks are "ultimately" to blame for their own problems. I am talking not about cause or culpability, but about *solutions*. Whatever the cause, and whoever is to blame, the culture of the ghetto has taken on a life of its own so that today opening up job opportunities isn't enough.

Wilson points out the declining ranks of employed ("marriageable") black men. Why is this? Wilson's lack-of-jobs explanation rings increasingly hollow these days, a time of intense regional labor shortages. Ehrenreich and Piven's complaints about $3.35 "subpoverty minimum wage" jobs are two years out of date. Unskilled hotel janitors in Washington, D.C., can now get seven to eight dollars an hour. Even McDonald's often pays five to six dollars an hour. Yet ghetto unemployment rates are hardly budging. Employers say the ghetto youths who do apply for jobs are often unemployable, that they show up for one or two days and then quit. That's what I mean by a "culture of poverty." While local black leaders complain that their constituents can't get to jobs in the D.C. suburbs, suburban employers have come to rely on commuters from West Virginia and Pennsylvania, and on immigrants.

The best evidence against the liberal argument that only a lack of jobs, and not culture, accounts for poverty may be what happens when you propose offering jobs. Then other liberals like Robert Kuttner pop up to say, in effect, "you don't really expect those people to work, do you?" After all, they are "semiliterate." They are "difficult to motivate" and supervise. Or, as Charles Atkins, welfare commissioner of Massachusetts, home of the ET training program, told me, "They're so fucked up they couldn't hold down a job if their life depended on it."

The "culture of poverty" is bigger than Ehrenreich and Piven let on. Yes, only ten to 15 percent of people who ever go on welfare stay there for eight years or more. But they constitute *over half* the people on welfare at any one time—not a "tiny minority." The study proving this was conducted by David Ellwood and Mary Jo Bane, which is why I'm surprised to find Ellwood himself resorting here to another misleading statistical half-truth. Sure, only 12 percent of poor female-headed families may live within the Census's stringent definition of a ghetto (in New York state it's 32 percent). But the census was a snapshot in time. As he knows, most of the poor mothers who were caught in that snapshot weren't going to stay poor long. If you could look at the single mothers who *stayed poor for a long time*, you would undoubtedly find that a far greater percentage of them lived in underclass neighborhoods.

But, say Ellwood, Ehrenreich, and Piven, why punish the nice middle- and working-class women who rely briefly on welfare after a traumatic divorce by expecting them to take jobs as if they were long-term welfare mothers? That's a very good point. What it suggests to me is not that we should keep on subsidizing underclass culture in order to help the

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struggling divorcees, but that these two separate groups of people must be addressed by two separate programs. What makes the divorcees so appealing? Well, they tried to play by the rules—they got married, they or their husbands worked, and now they need only temporary help. So why not allow poor mothers (or fathers with custody of kids) half a year of cash "divorce insurance" for every two years they've lived in a family in which one member worked full time—up to a one-year limit on aid? That would help fugitives from working, intact families, without supporting a welfare culture of women who have babies without thinking seriously of either working or marrying someone who works.

And what about that latter group, the core of today's underclass, which all the commentators except Wilson admit exists? My argument was simple: if they are offered work, rather than welfare, single-motherhood will seem less appealing. I don't deny there are more generous (or "compassionate") programs than low-wage government jobs, but I claim we must balance concern for today's welfare mothers with the need to *deter* tomorrow's potential welfare mothers.

A welfare system that lumps together all single mothers will find itself unable to perform this deterrent function—if it does, "It's Not Fair To The Divorcees." Ellwood's sophisticated proposal founders on this rock. It's nice to offer an income supplement, plus training and "services," plus "several years of transitional public assistance," to mothers who might need welfare as a temporary crutch. But if you wait until those years of transitional assistance are over before considering anything as mild as "part-time" workfare, you've already given a generous enough subsidy to the single-mother culture to sustain it. Ellwood has argued that even Murray's ruthless let-them-starve "experiment" would not discourage single-motherhood. If so, surely his mild plan would not have a big impact.

Ellwood at least recognizes that eventually you have to get tough with one segment of the welfare population. Ehrenreich and Piven don't, so convinced are they of the morally uplifting properties of cash. Theirs is an exceptionally clear articulation of the check-mailing version of liberalism, a sort of Grad Student State in which everyone lives on money from Washington without any annoying work responsibilities.

If giving every person in the country $13,500, or $27,000, would cure the "multiple pathologies" of the underclass, then we should do it immediately. But if there *is* a poverty culture in which women expect that they will get pregnant without marrying, it is insane to offer them large sums of money, no strings attached, for doing just that. Free money has enough potentially corrosive effects on the work ethic of communities that already have one. I agree more with the Frances Fox Piven of 1971, who (with Richard Cloward) argued that AFDC was a nefarious ruling-class plot because "the relief check becomes a surrogate for the male breadwinner. The resulting family breakdown and loss of control over the young is usually signified by the spread of certain forms of disorder—for example, school failure, crime, and addiction."

Giving cash in the form of child allowances doesn't alter this equation much. The virtue of a child allowance (like that of the guaranteed income) is that it is available to two-parent, working families. The hope of both proposals is that nobody would stay single on welfare if they could get married and stay on welfare. But the culture of single-motherhood is now so far advanced that this is surely wishful thinking. The allowance Hewlett proposes—$100 a month per child—doesn't come close to matching current welfare levels and wouldn't bring mothers with no other income anywhere near the poverty line. If Hewlett supplements it (as I assume she would) with a conventional welfare program, then the combined package will still sustain the culture of single-motherhood. If she doesn't, she has in effect recommended a drastic cut in AFDC (from $8,400 a year, for a mother with two kids in California, to $2,400)—a Murrayesque proposal far less "compassionate" than mine.

The alternative to doling out cash is mandating work, or training for work. Mead says only a small pool of public jobs would be necessary to enforce a universal work requirement. If so, fine. He accuses me of lowering "standards" for the poor, but it is he who offers special treatment, in the form of training "options" that relieve the work obligation for those on welfare (while he offers no jobs or training to those not on welfare). His sensible restrictions might well prevent training from becoming a loophole. But I still fear that any "workfare" plan—offering a welfare "entitlement" and then trying to take it away if people don't work or train—will run into tremendous political and legal resistance at the "take away" stage. Better to offer only work in the first place.

Kuttner adds a variety of sweeteners to this basic idea. I too like Lerman's wage subsidy idea; Kuttner must have dozed off during the part of my piece where I endorsed it. It is one reason why Ehrenreich and Piven are wrong when they charge my plan would do nothing serious about poverty. Lerman's subsidy would raise the effective wage of even my three-dollar-an-hour neo-WPA jobs to $4.50, or $9,360 a year—above the poverty line for a family of three. It would be a major boost for Ehrenreich and Piven's hard-working Burger King moms, in direct proportion to how hard they work. I wouldn't mind raising the subsidy even to Ehrenreich and Piven's $13,500 level, as long as it only went to those who work.

Kuttner also recommends raising the WPA wage to four dollars an hour. Since Lerman's subsidy would add one dollar to that, the net difference between Kuttner's compassionate, hope-inspiring plan and my punitive "forced labor state" turns out to be 50 cents an hour (five dollars vs. $4.50). OK, Kuttner, it's a deal. Now watch the unions fight our four dollar compromise tooth and nail, as they did California's higher paying workfare jobs.

The great weak spot of any WPA-type proposal is its potential for makework. Charles Murray (along with Mead) knowingly runs through most of the potential pitfalls. Yes, in order to make a jobs program work you'd have to prune the civil service legalisms that prevent firing government workers. You'd have to resist creating a "shadow" dole. You'd have to spend the money for adequate day care (integrated with middle-class day care, as Hewlett suggests). You'd have to set up a fair system of determining who is and isn't disabled and endure the occasional press horror stories about the inevitable misclassifications. (The identical problem already occurs with the existing federal disability programs, which Murray has said he'd keep.)

But if a jobs program provided services and built things taxpayers could see (as the original WPA did), they would begin to *demand* it be run efficiently, a powerful counterforce to the entropic tendencies Murray describes. His argument is the equivalent of saying we should never fight a war because the Pentagon might screw it up. Given that his alternative is a far nastier (and even less feasible) campaign of human attrition, this still seems to me one war worth fighting.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Mystery, A Tragedy

Everyone, so to speak, has heard of Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, and almost everyone has read it. The cover of the latest paperbound edition says that over two million copies are in print—and that's only the American paperbound edition of a book that has appeared in 24 languages. If the figures are awesome, the book itself makes them amazing. Its theological debates, discussions of Church history, disquisitions on medieval architecture, details of ancient manuscripts are not the ready stuff of best sellers. The novel is a scholar's diversion: Eco, now better known as a semiological critic, first published extensively on medieval aesthetics. I can remember only one comparable best-selling novel by an author recognized in another field, Santayana's *The Last Puritan*, and the Santayana figures were much smaller.

The Name of the Rose
(20th Century-Fox)
Otello
(Cannon Films)

The success of Eco's novel is not explained by saying that basically it's a murder mystery. Mystery fans have plenty of lighter fare, and obviously many who are not mystery fans read this novel. Besides, the mystery and its solution are integrated with the theological and historical elements of the book, not much of which can be skipped if the reader is to comprehend what's going on. It's a weighty read, if not a profound one, and the secret of its success is still a secret to me.

The key problem in the film adaptation was how to keep as much of the context as possible, to support and distinguish a plot that is in itself fairly thin. On this score the screenplay commissioned by Jean-Jacques Annaud does about as well as could be expected in a big-budget world. In addition, the screenplay expands and condenses: the book's one sex episode has been worked up into a subplot, and the number of murders has been reduced to keep the film at profitable length. It's conceivable that, with less money pressure, a younger Bresson or Rohmer might have more authentically crystallized the novel, but the script fashioned by Annaud's team of four—Gerard Brach, Alain Godard, Howard Franklin, and Andrew Birkin—is what could be predicted for a $16 million production. This is said to be Version No. 15 of the screenplay and is called "a palimpsest" based on Eco's novel. Probably the palimpsest is also based on the first 14 versions.

Some of the film is striking. For his interiors, Annaud found an impressive 800-year-old monastery. Tonino delli Colli, a topflight cinematographer, makes the winter of 1327 penetrate the stone halls and our bones. Sean Connery plays William of Baskerville well, a sage who is bearable because his wisdom is the harvest of pain as well as pride. Christian Slater is reticently true as William's young disciple, who helps his master find the killer in the Benedictine abbey where they are sojourning.

But not all the actors are sound. The usually reliable Michael Lonsdale, the abbot, leans heavily on mannerism. The usually unreliable F. Murray Abraham, who was surprisingly good as Salieri in *Amadeus*, is back to capital-A Acting as the papal emissary. William Hickey, lately the godfather in *Prizzi's Honor*, has greener teeth as the mystic Ubertino but much the same bag of performing tricks.

Annaud's direction wavers disconcertingly between the valid and the strained. His last film, *Quest for Fire*, was a romance about prehistoric tribes, so solemn that it was sometimes risible. Here the solemnity is right, interesting; it's the departures into film flummery that distract. From the start, the film is ominous. What happened to the "beautiful morning" with which the book begins? Throughout, shadows threaten, faces loom, the editing tries to whip up excitement—all banal mystery-flick touches that lessen the mystery. Further, Annaud has overdone the grotesque in his casting of the Benedictines in this abbey. It's as if the order required that a monk look like a gargoyle.

Franco Zeffirelli has made his best film. This, for the director who maltreated *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *La Traviata*, even *The Champ*, is not Himalayan praise; still his film of Verdi's *Otello* succeeds. Zeffirelli shows none of the formal insight of Bergman in *The Magic Flute* and little of the litheness of Rosi in *Carmen*; but in an orthodox opera-on-film mode, in which we occasionally glimpse a quivering uvula, in which a husband and wife lying next to each other on their bed *sing*, the film grips.

Centrally this is due to two splendid performances, Placido Domingo's Otello and Justino Diaz's Iago. Domingo is much more at ease with the demands of the Moor than he was with the relatively simple Alfredo in *La Traviata* or Don José in *Carmen*. Partly this is because here he

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Down by Law. Jim Jarmusch's sardonic jab at our gullibility about photography and film form. The fantastic touches in this otherwise naturalistic film jolt us awake with a grin. (Reviewed 9/29/86)

Next Summer. Writer-director Nadine Trintignant makes good use of her husband, Jean-Louis, and their daughter, Marie, along with Philippe Noiret and Claudia Cardinale. A French-family comedy-drama, which could almost have been made in 1956. Comfortable fun. (9/8/86)

Nothing in Common. Tom Hanks, advertising hotshot, and Jackie Gleason, his salesman father, keep things bustling in this somewhat muddled attempt to show a son learning values from his parents' troubles. (9/1/86)

She's Gotta Have It. Spike Lee, a black writer-director, guides his all-black cast through a sharp comedy of ultramod manners. Ribald, quick-witted, inventive, derivative, good and less good acting—but very lively. (9/15 & 22/86)

SK

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doesn't have to worry about age, but mostly it's because Otello summons more of his powers, and thus gives him more command. My criterion for the role is the performance by Giovanni Martinelli, which I first saw at the Metropolitan in 1937. Domingo is the best since then (and Martinelli wasn't in as good voice because the Met waited too long to revive the opera for him). This Otello is the lion that he is called. He has the fire of love and of rage, and he quite subtly gives us undertones of jealousy based on race. Zeffirelli helps the last element by casting a fair, blue-eyed man as Cassio.

Diaz deals firmly with the core problem in Iago: to persuade us that others think him honest while we know otherwise—and to keep from mugging one way or the other. This Iago is basically a tormented man, a victim not of the familiar "motiveless malignity" but of his own despair. In the "Credo" Diaz is so fervent in his disbelief that, in spite of his burly bravado, he seems desperate, as if villainy were for him the one accessible faith.

Katia Ricciarelli, the Desdemona, is a competent singer but a bland personality. Besides, like our culture, the camera is harder on maturing women than on maturing men. Verdi's Desdemona cannot be sung by any woman young enough to look right for the role, but the opera house is less brutal about it than the screen.

Lorin Maazel conducted the La Scala orchestra and chorus and "produced" the music. The "Willow Song" has been cut, which might just have been pardonable for a two-hour film if Maazel, no doubt at Zeffirelli's urging, had not inserted two dance sequences. Verdi himself wrote the dance music for the first Paris production, and as a Verdi nut I was glad to hear that music once. But the dances are blatant—and failed—attempts at diversion. Worse than the cuts and insertions is the volume level of the recording. The sound engineer apparently turned up the level for quieter passages so that all volume is on the same plane. The double basses that herald Otello's last entrance, even the woodwind solo that follows them, sound almost as loud as the full orchestra.

Zeffirelli insures that we see Iago punished, and he makes much of what was merely a touch in Olivier's (nonoperatic) performance: Otello's renunciation of Christianity before he kills his wife. But Zeffirelli's emphasis here is not

continued on page 28

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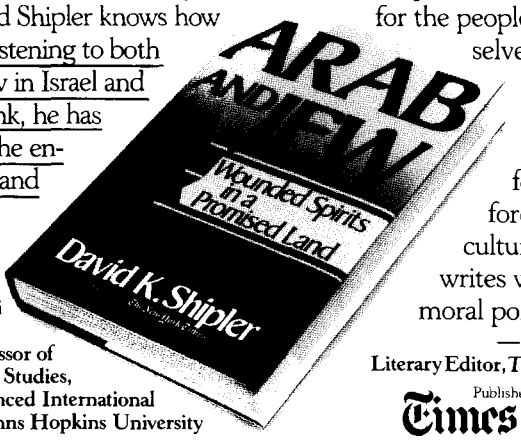

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on his cleverness, as it so often has been in the past. He addresses the work as its servant.

Zeffirelli first made his mark as a designer of theater and opera productions, and his films have often been tricked out with precious designer's display. In *Otello* his designs serve the work—the bedchamber as temple, the huge tables in Otello's study, the grimness of great stone walls. (Much of the film was shot in an Italian castle and a Cretan fortress.) The editing is agile without being busy, the costumes are magnificent, Ennio Guarneri's cinematography is fine. Above all, Zeffirelli has evoked performances from Domingo and Diaz that make the film lastingly valuable.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Hearing Voices

"Having a voice" is a virtue we generally recognize only in writers or in singers. In singers it is the ability to hit notes accurately, to move agilely about the scale, to create an integral texture—whether sensuous or silky or gritty or piercing or flamboyant—in all that is sung. It allows us to sense a body behind the song. In writers it is something quite similar. Philip Roth's E. I. Lonoff tells the young aspirant Nathan Zuckerman that the possession of a voice is an unmistakable quality. It creates in the reader a sensation felt not just with the intellect but with the body, "something that begins at around the back of the knees and reaches well above the head." It allows us to sense a presence somewhere beyond the page that is more than just a rhetorical construction or a dramatic persona or a technical apparatus.

Unfortunately, the notion of "voice" has proven least useful where it is most needed—in describing composers. Partly this is because the qualities of individuality, presence, integrity, and naturalness that go along with "voice" have not been highly valued in recent decades. But with the passing of ritualistic avant-gardism—ranging from radical serialism and aleatoric demonism in the 1950s to minimalist meditation and stylistic mimicry in the 1970s—there is a new atmosphere on the contemporary music scene. What we have are not movements but individuals—often isolated, generally convincing—who are intent on making music. One does not judge the effectiveness of such projects by applying some common set of technical standards, or by analyzing scores, or by counting listeners. What I find myself listening for more and more is simply the existence of a "voice," the sound of what Wordsworth called (before the language was sexually polarized) "a man speaking to men."

This is exactly what could begin to be heard at the Festival of Contemporary Music at Tanglewood during the first week in August. Since 1958 the festival has been an annual mainstay of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's pastoral summer retreat to Lenox, Massachusetts. Until recently the festival was under the direction of Gunther Schuller, who gave a cast of studied sobriety to the presentation of new music. In 1983 a longtime donor to the festival, Paul Fromm, decided to take his funding to more fashionable avant-gardist climes. As a result the festival, like the world of new music itself, has been up for grabs, by turns playful and solemn, trendy and dull. The only truly memorable event of the 1985 season was the sheer awfulness of John Adams's "Harmonielehre" (see TNR, "The Trashing of Minimalism," December 2, 1985). But this summer, once musical blood was pulsing, the festival seemed quite healthy—indeed, surprisingly so.

Some of this, no doubt, was due to the appointment of Leon Fleisher as director of the Tanglewood Music Center, which presents the festival. More was due to the eclectic generosity of spirit of this year's festival director, the British composer Oliver Knussen (familiarly called "Olly" by the students at this unusual summer training program). One of his goals, he said, was to "highlight some of the fresh, unorthodox approaches which are emerging among younger composers in this country and in northern Europe." Knussen himself, a prodigy who conducted his first symphony at the age of 15, selected the programs with an ear unusually attentive to similar musical individuality. There was no grand thesis, no Q.E.D. proclamation; there were, rather, remarkably prepared performances—by fellows of the center, by students, by the Juilliard Quartet, by Peter Serkin and Joseph Silverstein—of basically good music.

This is also precisely the kind of context that most serves what is being written in music now, that most allows "voices" to be heard. So clear and transparent was the setting that the musical failures of the festival were doubly instructive in contrast. The ways in which the pieces failed demonstrated how great a shift in sensibility has taken place. They were deliberate attempts to forge an alliance to a style, to a movement. There was, for example, the slightly dubious holdover from aleatoric times, Morton Feldman's "Piece for Four Pianos" (1957), which gives the same notes to each player but lets them play them whenever they want. There were more recent leftovers from minimalism (whose demise dates from the rise of John Adams): Simon Bainbridge (b. 1952), a contemporary of Knussen's, recycled the style with minimal inventiveness in "Concertante in moto perpetuo" (1983); Louis Andriessen (b. 1939), a Dutch advocate, added one minimal novelty in his "Symphony for Open Strings" (1978)—the instruments were specially tuned so they could be played without fingers or vibrato.

Another sort of throwback was Hans Werner Henze's ostensible reworking of an 18th-century dance, "Fandango sopra un basso del Padre Soler" (1985), a short work for oversized orchestra that was as full of bombast and overstatement as the German composer's famed political compositions. And, as a peculiarly conservative example of such failure, Paul Ruders (b. 1949), a Danish composer, wrote "Manhattan Abstraction: A Symphonic Skyline" (1982), a musical paean to the island that sounded like a hyped-up version of 1930s brassy, urban, jazzy, angular tone poems.

In each of these different cases, something personal and individual was forced into service to a style or an idea. A "point" was being made, whether social (as I believe it is in minimalism) or cultural (as in attempts at "neo"-isms) or political (as in Henze's and Berio's works). This sort of alliance has crippled much of the art. One is never meant to hear a voice, only voices.

Until a few years ago, this sort of sacrifice was commonplace. It still has some

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strength in academic quarters, and in certain neighborhoods of our larger metropolises. The implicit assumption is that music has or should have a "direction," that it is an art in progress, and that the most serious composers are those who represent the "cutting edge," the "avant-garde." This sort of alliance, between forces of history and their embodiments in movements and styles, has turned into a 20th-century mannerism.

BUT THIS festival was, for me, one of the first signs that the scattered examples of the death of the avant-garde in music finally are having some salutary effects on music being played and written. The point is no longer progress or manifestos, but serious individuality—a form of expressionism without self-flagellation and suffering. This means that one could listen to a performance of Schoenberg's Opus 29 Suite without having to appreciate it solely as an exemplar of high modern severity. Britten's String Quartet No. 3 (1975) became a piquant mixture of pathos and childlike intrigue. Peter Serkin's performance of Messiaen's "Cantéjodayâ" (1948) was downright conversational.

For some composers in the festival this simply meant continuing what they have been doing for decades. Elliot Carter (b. 1908), represented by "Penthode" (1985), has almost taken as his musical theme the relationship between individual voice and communal language. George Perle (b. 1915), whose Wind Quintet No. 4 won a Pulitzer Prize this year, has also been on a personal musical quest of sorts; his voice draws its resonance from the music of Berg, replacing melancholic hyperbole with staunch grace and wit.

In the context of the festival even Toru Takemitsu (b. 1930), whose music risks the preciousness of haiku exercises, seemed a considered voice, his idiosyncratic mixtures of French impressionism and Eastern rhythms and gestures sounding more natural than artificial. And when the Juilliard String Quartet played "Ainsi la Nuit" (1976), this work by the little known French septuagenarian Henri Dutilleux was elegaic, elegant, a sign that there are voices that have yet to be heard over the din of international musical fashion.

As for younger voices, none could be described as overpoweringly confident or compelling as yet, but grandeur of vision and accomplishment is often less important than simply being able to speak. Nicholas Thorne (b. 1953) was theatrical and persistent in his "Chaconne: Passion of the Heart" (1983). Michael Torke (b. 1961) was brilliantly brash in "Ecstatic Orange" (1985). Deborah Drattell (b. 1954) exhibited a Brahmsian temperament in "Double Concerto for violin and cello" (1986).

The festival was an assemblage of the young and accomplished that was no more than a gathering of individual voices. But it was also no less than that. And that is hardly a trivial accomplishment given the past. It is another sign that progress is at an end, that the cumulative impact of new music over the coming decade may, thankfully, not be cumulative at all.

THE POLISH RESISTANCE

KOR: A History of the Workers' Defense Committee in Poland, 1976-1981
by Jan Józef Lipski
translated by Olga Amsterdamska and Gene M. Moore

(University of California Press, 561 pp., $39.95)

Letters from Prison and Other Essays
by Adam Michnik
translated by Maya Latynski

(University of California Press, 354 pp., $25)

Jan Józef Lipski's history of KOR, the Polish Workers' Defense Committee that helped prepare the way for Solidarity, and Adam Michnik's book of essays, charting his political thought as a spokesman for the democratic opposition in Poland, are works of high political and intellectual distinction. They focus on two major questions: How does a popular movement like Solidarity arise, and what is the proper role for intellectuals in the anti-totalitarian opposition?

Lipski's volume is an austerely dense chronicle of how a small group of Polish intellectuals, at first helpless in their resistance to the party dictatorship, set out through KOR to provide material, legal, and moral aid to workers who had lost their jobs or been imprisoned because of strike actions. A modest enough enterprise, of the kind that in our country elicits an occasional donation. But in the overwrought circumstances of Poland in the 1970s it took on a significance nobody had quite anticipated. KOR stood in the great, if sometimes feckless, tradition of "going to the people"—this time, however, not from a fixed ideological position, but out of a wish to offer a hand to fellow citizens.

KOR's founding committee, to which several longtime socialists brought to bear their political experience of prewar Poland, understood that in a totalitarian (or, as seems more accurate for Poland, a semitotalitarian) country any autonomous public activity would soon take on a political coloration. It was the state, grappling for total control, that determined this, not the intellectuals. To contribute funds to penalized workers; to help them resist legal intimidation; to persuade them that, even while they suffer in Radom or Ursus, there are people in Warsaw who care about their fate—this meant to help the Polish working class regain a sense of itself as a public presence. Thereby it constituted a political act. Yet in the narrower or ordinary sense of politics—programs, parties, and so on—KOR was not at all political. It set no requirements for joining its ranks or receiving its aid other than the hope that people would act in good faith and openly, *as if they were free*.

What began as a small venture in 1976 ended a few years later as a significant part of a large "civic activity." KOR kept chronicling in its bulletins—written, Lipski gravely remarks, in dry prose—the violations of human rights to which workers and students were being subjected. By doing this plainly and soberly, without agitation and without signs of fear, KOR helped to stimulate the growth of autonomous social and intellectual communities, ranging from the "flying universities" that met in private

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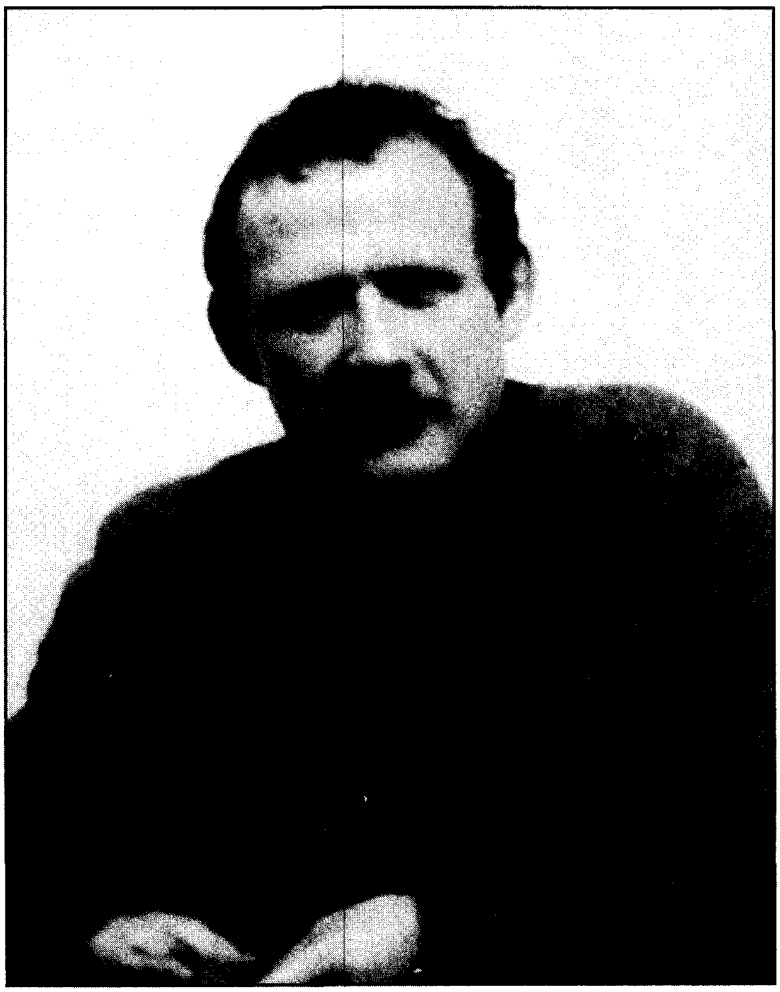
homes to the group of journalists who edited the popular clandestine weekly *Robotnik* (*The Worker*).

Other dissidents, nationalist in opinion, scoffed at KOR as "the social workers." But in patiently helping all those whom the regime chose to punish, these "social workers" achieved two long-range objectives: they formed ties between intellectuals and workers such as had not been present during earlier protests against the regime, and they helped create new centers of Polish culture, traditionalist in their commitment to the national past but sometimes modernist in their experimental styles.

One of Lipski's chapters (written in not-so-dry prose) is entitled "The Ethos of KOR," and it describes how the group chose for itself a self-consciously ethical path. As a matter of principle, it would reject the use of force. It would speak for minimal decencies and democratic rights. It would accept new members of any persuasion that tolerated freedom of thought. (Lipski mentions, but does not sufficiently recount, several debates within KOR over what attitude to take toward ex-Communists, now apparently repentant but in the past implicated in governmental repression. The consensus within KOR seemed to be that anyone who sincerely held to democratic norms should be admitted, no matter what his or her political past.)

KOR decided to work openly, as if Polish society enjoyed legality, although its more experienced figures knew that the government would try to infiltrate its ranks. Yet they also knew, from sad experience, that extreme precautions on behalf of security could create exactly the poisonous atmosphere they were supposed to ward off. KOR, writes Lipski in a notable passage, was attached to

> a Christian ethos, which a decisive majority of the non-religious members . . . also adopted as their own. Years ago, before the creation of KOR, this attitude was described by Jacek Kuroń [a leading oppositionist]. . . . His far-reaching acceptance of the principles of Christian ethics, his rejection of ethical relativism and view of ethical values as if they were transcendent, and his refusal to make a distinction between the ethics of public life and the ethics of private life—all this made Kuroń into one of the most "Christian" of those who do not accept the Christian faith, and yet he was representative of his ideological milieu.



ADAM MICHNIK, 1984 (HELSINKI WATCH COMMITTEE)

For anyone who remembers even a little of what has happened in our century, the KOR principles are bound to hold a strong attraction. That they were especially suited to the Polish situation seems obvious. Still, after all the appropriate applause, we might raise a few questions.

For one thing, KOR's "Christian principles," though perhaps derived from certain strands of Christian thought, are not uniquely Christian, nor are all declared Christians committed to them. It's surprising that so sophisticated a writer as Lipski should fail to note this; but let it pass. More important, the "Christian principles" of KOR can be sustained unconditionally in public life only by small groups of exceptional people or over brief periods of time, by a protest movement roused to moral heat and functioning largely outside the political realm. Put another way, I fear that a full congruence of ends and means (which is what KOR hoped to practice) is simply not an available politics. A political party might want to make the KOR principles into a norm of aspiration, but it could not really live by all of them for very long. No political party has.

Nonviolence, yes—at least in democratic countries. But it's in the very nature of politics that a party must sometimes weave and maneuver, accepting the stains of compromise, in ways likely to alienate unyielding moralists. "Involvement in politics in a totalitarian country," writes Adam Michnik, a close colleague of Lipski's, "always oscillates between two human motivations: the need for moral testimony and [the need for] political calculation." (And in democratic countries too, in different ways.)

Once the mass movement of Solidarity rose up—not a party, but a trade union burdened with political tasks—the principle of nonviolence was still maintained. This, of course, was deeply impressive. (Anything else, in Poland, would have been sheer irresponsibility.) But if one leaves aside strong prudential considerations, which at a given moment are likely to be decisive, is there any reason why the use of force should be ruled out unconditionally, in principle, as an option for democratic oppositions in totalitarian countries? A distant observer may wonder respectfully whether some Solidarity leaders, and perhaps even a few KOR people, would have clung to all of Lipski's "Christian principles" if they had thought a course of insurrection at all feasible. It's hard to say.

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In any case, Solidarity had to confront tactical problems that required not just what Michnik calls "moral testimony," but also "political calculation." There was, for instance, the matter of Solidarity's relations with agencies of the government that controlled factories in which Solidarity was strong. Once such problems began to appear, the moment for KOR seemed over, and it was quite appropriate for Jacek Kuroń to have proposed that KOR dissolve itself. A few KOR people who held to a strict reading of their shared task then withdrew from public activity, while those who wanted to engage directly in work within or near Solidarity felt they would be hobbled by a strict adherence to all the KOR principles.

Extremely valuable as historical record and political reflection, Lipski's book finally seems open to one major criticism. Through political caution or personal delicacy, he grows reticent when discussing the inner relationships and disagreements of the Polish opposition. He hints that unlike KOR, which spoke out bravely against anti-Semitism, there were oppositional groupings not entirely free of that Jew-baiting which has been so deeply ingrained in Polish history. Not that Lipski is at all dishonest about these matters; it's only that he fails to provide the detail that his otherwise rich account leads one to expect. Perhaps, for reasons outsiders cannot know but may readily surmise, he felt the time for this had not yet come.

Both Lipski and Michnik became "advisers" to Solidarity during its years of strength. Both declare themselves to be democratic socialists. But they write very differently, Lipski with the restraint of a professional historian and Michnik with the fire of a political crusader.

Michnik's collection can be divided into two parts: several "Historical Essays" and a larger group of pieces about recent Polish politics, a number of these written as "Letters from Prison." "Conversation in the Citadel," the most impressive of the "Historical Essays," was written in 1982, when Michnik was in prison. I am not qualified to judge this venture into Polish history, as Michnik compares the views in the late 19th and early 20th centuries of the Polish nationalists and the Polish socialists, but I can say that the essay is marked by a good-tempered spirit and a striking absence of fanaticism. Michnik is trying to find in the history of the earlier Polish resistance "a usable past" for himself and his friends. Though aligning himself with the tradition of Polish socialism, he is often sharply critical of it, especially for the failure of some of its leaders to grasp the depth and authenticity of Polish national feeling. He keeps looking for a blend of what is best in the nationalist and socialist traditions, each freed of absolutist utopianism and romanticism.

In his more topical pieces Michnik develops a well-thought-out politics—largely, it would appear, a reflection of the opinions of the democratic opposition. At the risk of boxing it into mere formula, I would extract from Michnik's occasional writings a few central arguments:

- Solidarity emerged as a popular movement drawing upon a range of social, national, and ethical concerns. It spoke for the needs of the workers, the troubles of the Catholics, the aspirations of the intelligentsia, the sentiments of a humiliated nation.

But Solidarity faced a problem without solution. Because of external pressures known to every Polish child, it could gain power neither legally nor

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through insurrection, while at the same time its remarkable growth prompted some of its often-inexperienced militants to suppose that, through a massing of numbers or a clenching of will, they could bring down the government. The domestic ingredients for success were present, but finally there was no possibility.

• Both from principle and from tactical estimate, Solidarity chose nonviolence. Even during the recent years of its suppression, there have been no reported incidents of terrorism by dissidents.

Still, as a mass movement that mobilized people who, through no fault of their own, lacked experience in democratic politics, Solidarity could hardly avoid being flawed by what Michnik calls "demagogy and baseness—residual effects of the captive psychology." Hotheads and loudmouths, primitives and ultranationalists, even some open anti-Semites found their way into the ranks. Unions, by their very nature, cannot set up political requirements for membership. But under Lech Walesa's leadership, and with the help of the democratic intellectuals, Solidarity repudiated the anti-Semitic traces in a few of its provincial groups and largely stayed on a disciplined and moderate course. For those who still believe in the democratic capacities of ordinary people—of the masses, as we used to say—this proved to be the most heartening event since the Second World War.

• In outline, the course Solidarity took had been suggested for some years by dissident writers like Kuroń and Michnik: "the Polish self-limiting revolution." Physical resistance to the Russians was impossible; a cessation of socio-political resistance to the Polish dictatorship was inconceivable; hence, a complex strategy entailing disciplines of self-restraint very hard to demand from the enthused ranks.

The opposition, wrote Michnik, should turn to "independent public opinion." It would propose tactics for social encroachment but avoid strategies for taking power. Step by difficult step, Polish society would re-create itself, establishing autonomous institutions in every area of social life.

A not-often-acknowledged premise of this strategy was that, because of the authority of the Catholic Church and the decline of the Communist ruling class, Poland was no longer quite a totalitarian state in the "classical" sense. At least some autonomous "civic activity" could therefore be undertaken without risking total terror. And once a newly awakened and self-confident people had established its own institutions, these could negotiate with the state, pressing not for unrealizable demands such as parliamentary democracy or national independence, but for a flexible division of function and authority. "Society" and "power," to use Michnik's terms, would accept each other's limits.

• The question soon arose: Why should "power," that is, the Communist regime, agree to this? The answers could only be provisional: because the state would realize that Solidarity had the support of a majority of the people, without whose at least tacit acquiescence the government could now rule only through open violence—something the authorities, themselves shaken by their own numerous failures and by the evident popularity of the opposition, would prefer to avoid. Because within the Communist ranks there were still some people, "revisionists" who may have remembered the slogans of their youth, who felt a bit of sympathy, if not for people like Walesa and Michnik, then for the masses behind them. And finally because the Polish Communists, for reasons of their own, did not want to call in troops from the Soviet Union.

"Who are these people? Where are they going? And what does their success mean for the rest of us? Peshkin *answers these questions with a thoughtful analysis and vigorous opinions."* —Kirkus Reviews

The people in question are the teachers, parents, and students of "Bethany Baptist Academy" where high school education is directed by the word of God as they hear it. The commitment to fundamentalist beliefs is institutionalized and total (although some students occasionally succumb to worldly interests). Alan Peshkin, a Jewish professor of education, ventured into this unfamiliar territory and lived in the community for eighteen months. His resulting book makes clear how the strengths of the religious right are nurtured. "[A] perceptive and incisive report ...his account is admirable."—Myron A. Marty, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

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• Why, then, did this scenario not come to pass? Michnik seems not yet certain in his own mind. There are one or two hypotheses that the opposition has considered: first, that the government was too weak politically to credit the idea of coexisting with the opposition; second, that it had apparently concluded that it could retain power only through a quisling-style military junta that would push the Party apparatus somewhat into the background.

• By suppressing Solidarity, the regime "solved" its political problems temporarily, but at the cost of making impossible a solution of its other problems. A period of social paralysis has followed.

The regime now puts forward its own version of "coexistence." As long as its authority remains unchallenged and no mass movement like Solidarity organizes popular sentiments, the regime will tolerate, more or less, the presence of samizdat publications. In the heavy style of authoritarian governments, it expects that ordinary people will sink back into apathy, and that dissidents can then be worn down, bought off, isolated. The opposition, by contrast, hopes to continue, on a more discreet and limited scale than during the late 1970s, the building of autonomous social and cultural institutions within the crevices of the society.

CAN THIS be sustained, however, over a long period of time? Is it reasonable to expect large numbers of ordinary people, their economic conditions very bad and their social morale battered, to persist in the semiresistance of a society-apart-from-or-against-the-state?

The answer of "realists" is, of course, no. But let us not be too hasty. There is Polish history to consider. One purpose of Michnik's historical studies is to show that after the defeat of the 1863 revolution something like the course he now advocates was followed by the Poles against the czarist oppressors. There is also the fact that nowhere in Poland, in or out of the government, can many people be found who still give credence to the official ideology. And meanwhile the morale developed among young people by the Solidarity experience seems in part to have been maintained, as witness the numerous clandestine publications and frequent public demonstrations.

How long can this go on? We do not know. What we do know is that in such circumstances a small number of outstanding persons can play a crucial role. Refusing to yield, people like Michnik serve as examples of Poles "who do not lie publicly, whom we can trust, who reject compromises with the system of government that has been imposed on this nation—yet who do not ask for rash actions, call for terrorism, or organize urban or rural guerrillas. . ."

A real danger looms: that such men, repeatedly beaten by government thugs and thrown into jail, may settle into postures of desperado heroism, forming an addiction to the dramatics of revolt—something not unknown in Polish history. Michnik, however, seems quite aware of this danger. With a charming self-depreciation, he remarks about himself: "You know that you are no hero and never wanted to be one . . ." Yet, as he would surely admit, the problem remains.

To read these books is to be engaged in prolonged conversations with friends whom circumstances have kept one from meeting. A bracing experience.

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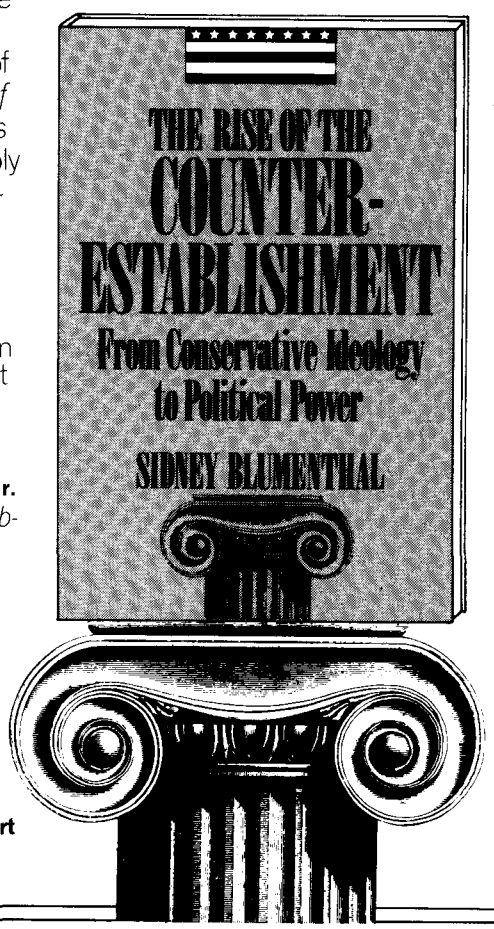

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TRICKY IKE

Eisenhower At War: 1943-1945
by David Eisenhower

(Random House, 944 pp., $29.95)

This large and ambitious first book by David Eisenhower, the grandson of one president and the son-in-law of another, has been long anticipated. One reason is the unique perspective Eisenhower brings to the work. (In the hope of clarity, I shall refer throughout to General Eisenhower as "Ike" and David Eisenhower as "Eisenhower.") He takes care not to claim too much: "In the years when I knew him," he writes, "my grandfather rarely discussed the war in my presence. . . . Perhaps I was too young."

Still, he has had access to many of the leading characters. In his introduction he writes:

> I vividly recall the afternoon in the spring of 1959 when I was excused from my fifth-grade class to spend an afternoon and dine with Sir Winston Churchill. In April 1960, President de Gaulle visited our home. . . . Two years later . . . I was permitted to attend a luncheon he hosted at the Elysée Palace.

He names a number of other prominent people whom he met during his childhood or interviewed in connection with this book. He adds that "my father-in-law, former President Richard Nixon, was enthusiastic about this project from its inception and was a strong source of encouragement and ideas as each year I delved further into research and rewriting."

Eisenhower's intention was to produce a solid volume based on extensive research into the basic sources. The book has over 100 pages of bibliography and notes. I can personally testify that he has paid his dues in the archives; I sat with him in the research room of the Eisenhower Library through a long, hot summer. The Eisenhower Library, on the insistence of Ike and his son John, has always made all unclassified documents available to all researchers. As a consequence, Eisenhower has had no privileged access to diaries or collections of letters. This is something of a disappointment. Persistent rumors that Ike kept a diary in the Philippines in the late '30s that was highly critical of General Douglas MacArthur, and that was being held back for David Eisenhower's exclusive use, appear to be unfounded.

Eisenhower began this work in 1974. "This was the year of Watergate," he writes, "a turbulent year in politics and for our family especially. I was drawn to such a book because it seemed to offer a kind of refuge." Scholarship as escapism, in short. He started with the thought of writing a book on Ike's second term, a subject that must have been of more than passing interest. Ike was only one of two Republicans to have two full terms (the other was Grant). One supposes the Nixon White House was keen to know how he did it. But Eisenhower soon discovered that he could not properly understand the second term until he had thoroughly examined the first. And his research on that period quickly convinced him that to understand the first term, he had to examine thoroughly the war years. This he has done, taking nearly 1,000 pages to cover 18 months of Ike's life (from December 1943 to May 1945).

Eisenhower anticipates the most obvious objection—that if it is necessary to understand the war years to understand the presidency, it is equally necessary to study the first 50 years of Ike's life to understand his generalship, and that to understand the campaign in northwest Europe it is crucial to understand the North African and Italian campaigns that preceded it. Eisenhower deals with the objection by dismissing it: "I concluded that while the war years are essential to illuminate Eisenhower's Presidency, a detailed treatment of his earlier years is not." He explains, "It was the war which propelled him from relative obscurity and deeply marked him, thrusting him into positions of great responsibility and pointing the way to future responsibilities—which are the subject of my next volumes." But for a biographer to defend the ignoring of the first 50 years of his subject's life is really untenable, and in fact Eisenhower does provide considerable background, through the awkward device of frequent flashbacks, which introduce some interesting new details. Still, this is less a biography than an account of the supreme commander in northwest Europe, and thus a continuation of his father's book *Allies: Pearl Harbor to D-Day*, published in 1982, in which John Eisenhower wrote about Ike and the formation of the Grand Alliance.

Since that campaign has been the most thoroughly studied and written about of World War II, if not of all wars, the justification for another detailed account can only be new interpretations backed up by new documents. Eisenhower provides the first, but not the second. He claims that Ike's role as supreme commander has "not been fully understood by historians and not fully revealed by the memoirs of the major participants." He asserts that the "most important omission . . . was the crucial bearing on his thinking and actions of the German-Russian war on the eastern front." To overlook this key factor, Eisenhower writes, "entails the risk of misunderstanding the nature of Allied-Soviet wartime cooperation, and the evolution of the postwar settlement." It was "the complex Allied-Soviet relationship that forced Eisenhower to think and act as a politician."

This is a promising beginning, though it is hardly as novel as Eisenhower appears to think it is. But his qualifications to carry it through become immediately suspect when he writes that "the prospect that U.S. intervention against Germany would contribute to a Russian victory in Europe was perhaps the strongest element of the isolationist case against the intervention before Pearl Harbor." In fact, during the period in which the isolationists were strongest—1939 to 1941—Russia was a German ally.

Still, Eisenhower stays with the political theme as he strives for new interpretations. In the process he arrives at some startling conclusions. For example, he questions the seriousness of the commitment to Operation Overlord (the invasion of France) at the end of 1943. The bulk of American military resources were still in the United States, and according to Eisenhower, "It was entirely possible that they would be sent to the Pacific at the expense of Europe." In the spring of 1944, he writes, "a program of strategic bombardment was widely seen as a far less expensive, quicker and equally effective alternative to a land invasion of western Europe." He does not say who, other than a few of the airmen, so believed. In my view he is wrong on both statements. They are unconvincing

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without documentation, and he has not provided any.

Eisenhower goes into great detail on the invasion of southern France, code name Anvil. He concludes that it was undertaken not for military reasons, but was "in effect a commitment to the Russians that the Allies . . . would not attempt to reinforce their Italian front with the aim of pushing it eastward." Churchill's opposition to Anvil was also political rather than military. The decision "seems to have been made mainly for political reasons—to alert Roosevelt to the postwar consequences of Anvil and perhaps to fix responsibility for the 'loss' of Eastern Europe on the Americans." Not, as Churchill claimed, to forestall the Red Army.

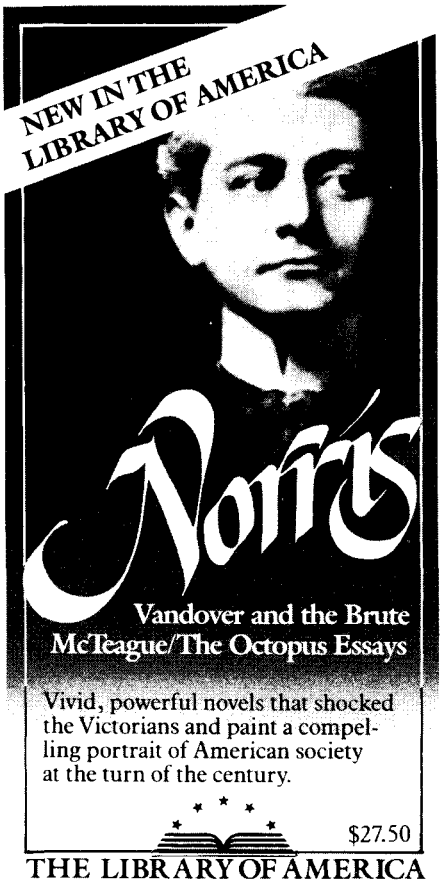
Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery's bid to cross the lower Rhine in September 1944 at Arnhem—Operation Market-Garden—was, according to Monty at the time, a way to end the war quickly. But Eisenhower asserts that whatever he said, such "did not represent Montgomery's actual belief." He claims that Montgomery proposed Market-Garden because he was sure Ike would turn it down. But Ike responded by "calling Montgomery's bluff." Ike's motive was to "confront Montgomery with a choice: either to rescind his 'single thrust' proposals entirely or to risk a severe if local setback in Holland. Either way, Montgomery would be effectively silenced." This comes uncomfortably close to charging that Ike and Monty sacrificed the British 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem not for a military gain but to prove a personal point.

BUT IN this book, divisions are often sacrificed for callous motives. Thus Eisenhower declares that "the main point of Dieppe" (the August 1942 Canadian raid on the French coast) was not to test techniques for a later full-scale invasion, "but to demonstrate the futility of further argument over Sledgehammer" (an American proposal to invade Normandy with three or more divisions in the summer of '42, a proposal abandoned before Dieppe was launched). Thus the Dieppe raid was "a planned failure, a sacrificial expenditure of 3,000 lives" that was "ordered by Churchill to discredit Sledgehammer after the fact."

The main characters seem always to be saying the opposite of what they mean. Churchill, according to Eisenhower, never meant it when he urged Ike to take Berlin in the spring of 1945. Churchill's real concern was "less far-reaching than generally understood or than Churchill later appeared to claim." The motive was in fact only to insure British occupation of northwest Germany and Denmark "rather than . . . to challenge the Russians." But Churchill did not "appear" to claim the opposite; he claimed the opposite.

This is not to deny that there was back-biting, intrigue, struggle for personal advancement, and narrow nationalistic purposes among Ike's superiors and subordinates in the campaign of northwest Europe. Specific instances of such motivations abound in the diaries, letters, and memoirs of the participants. But they need to be put into perspective. The Anglo-American alliance of World War II was unique in history. The documents obscure that fact, because in the documents the generals and politicians argued about the policies over which they disagreed. But the documents should not overwhelm the researcher, who must recognize that what the two parties agreed upon was much more important than what they fought over, and that what they agreed upon generated no documents, because it never required discussion. Eisenhower's view of how the Allies won the war is that victory was always inevitable. My own view is that our leaders did a remarkable job.

IN TURNING from the day-to-day problems of Watergate to the day-to-day events of 30 years earlier, Eisenhower escaped his own time but brought its atmosphere with him. In his vision of World War II, the relationships between the members of the high command were characterized by cynicism, self-interest, conspiracy, intrigue, and power plays. This is not a new theme; David Irving's *The War Between the Generals* is one of the better known examples of the genre. The theme runs through nearly all the biographies of General George S. Patton, Monty, and British chief of staff Alan Brooke. But never before has it been taken so far or applied so consistently. As Eisenhower sees it, the British and American leaders of World War II were moved by egotism or nationalism far more often than they were by the military situation. What is new is his discovery in the Ike-Bradley relationship and in the Ike-Marshall association of serious strains brought on by the different policies each man advocated, policies that resulted from their different positions and responsibilities. This is



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an important contribution.

Eisenhower was born after the war. He is part of a generation that has faced the Russian menace throughout its lifetime. Like others his age, he wonders why it was necessary for the West to open the doors and let the Russians into East and Central Europe. He is far too sophisticated to offer any easy answers. He scorns any right-wing interpretation that fixes the blame on Roosevelt at Yalta. The real reason for the growth of the Russian empire, he writes with considerable insight and power, was the failure of the Western world to stand up to fascism in the mid-1930s. This failure, not Ike's refusal to take Berlin or naive attitudes toward "Uncle Joe" Stalin on the part of Roosevelt, led to the substitution of a communist dictatorship for a fascist dictatorship in Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere. On this point Eisenhower is absolutely correct, and it is one of the great strengths of the work.

EISENHOWER does have a tendency, common to the generation that followed the war, to regard the outcome as never in doubt, and to argue that the issue was settled early on. By October of 1943, he writes, it was "a question not just of how the war would be fought, as all sides well knew, but how it would be won—and the shape the world would take afterward." Now in late '43 Germany held Scandinavia, France, all of Eastern and Central Europe, Italy north of Naples, and was deep in Russia. The Germans were ready to put jet aircraft into serial production. (One of Hitler's great mistakes was to tell Messerschmidt to go back to the drawing boards and build him a jet bomber, as he wanted to carry the war to London rather than defend Berlin. The Luftwaffe lost more than a year before it got jets into combat.) They were far ahead of the West and of the Russians in the production of nearly every weapon of war, save only the atomic bomb. They were already building ballistic missiles, an area of technology in which they had a five- to ten-year lead. The Wehrmacht was unquestionably the best led army in the world—the best organized, with the best soldiers and the best tanks, artillery, and small arms.

Eisenhower recognizes one of the major consequences of German strength: after three years of intense preparation, in the spring of 1944, the Western Allies were still incapable of taking on the Wehrmacht by themselves. Success in

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Overlord depended absolutely on the Red Army's ability to launch a massive offensive that would tie down hundreds of German divisions. This was frustrating to the British and the Americans, Eisenhower writes, "and magnifying the frustration was a growing awareness that Germany's military defeat was all but assured." But this is getting things backward. The corollary to the truth that the Western Allies had no chance to defeat Germany on their own was that neither did the Russians. Stalin needed Roosevelt and Churchill as much as they needed him.

The cement that held the Strange Alliance together through the war was precisely the opposite of what Eisenhower asserts. It was the legitimate fear of Hitler and the legitimate doubt about the outcome almost until the end. The Big Three had good cause to stick together. They knew that if Hitler ever managed to separate them, he could defeat them individually. They also knew that war was passing from the hands of the tacticians and warriors into those of the technicians and scientists. If Germany could produce an atomic bomb—a project on which all three of the Allies were working full force and assumed that Germany was also—Hitler at least had the means of delivery, at least to London and Moscow. (This was another of Hitler's great mistakes. When told by German scientists in 1939 that they could make an atomic bomb, he asked, How long? They replied, five years. He said that was too long, that the war would be over by then, and he put them to work on other projects, one reason the Germans got so far ahead in jets and rockets.)

BUT IF Eisenhower is wrong in insisting that victory was "all but assured" even before Overlord, he is right in maintaining that through their barbarism the Nazis gave the Western Allies no choice save to side with Russia. He is marvelously effective in evoking the death camps as seen by the first Americans to arrive. His father was among them, and Eisenhower describes the camps from John's point of view, a device that works perfectly to force the reader to confront the horror. He also has a good eye for the telling point. He quotes *Pravda*:

> Allied troops saw only smooth German landscapes and clean little townhouses. They now see concentration camps. What is Buchenwald? It is Maidenek, but in miniature. Our Allies had not seen what we had. Now that they too have seen, now that

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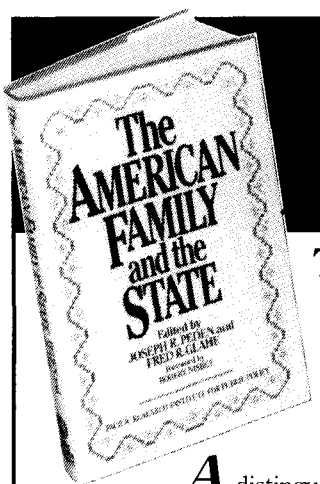

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they share what we know, they will understand us better.

Eisenhower's own conclusion to this section is nicely done: "The disclosures of the camps and other evidence of the German nightmare seemed at once both to vindicate the American intervention in Europe and to undermine any policy built on faith in human goodness."

Although Eisenhower seldom offers a criticism of his own, his book is far from being a hagiography. He quotes extensively the criticisms of others about Ike, especially those of Patton, Monty, and Brooke. On many of the persistent controversies—for example, Monty's objectives in his July 1944 offensive outside Caen (Operation Goodwood)—Eisenhower sides with Monty rather than the American point of view. He also points out that Ike "deeply admired" Monty. In this area his perspective is fresh and informative, if not quite fully convincing. Eisenhower also gives a brief but sensitive portrait of Ike's relationship with Kay Summersby, which he neither dismisses as fantasy nor builds up into a torrid love affair. And running through the book is a lively account of what the author's father, Second Lieutenant John Eisenhower (who graduated from West Point on June 6, 1944) saw and experienced in the European theater of operations during the last nine months of the war.

EISENHOWER'S writing generally is good. He avoids rhetorical flourishes, sticks to the point, and, most of the time, moves the story ably forward. In a book with such a complex cast and vast landscape, though, switches from subject to subject are frequent, and Eisenhower has great difficulty with transitions. Often he just gives up and plunges into the next subject, resorting to "meanwhile" or "on it went" or, worst of all, "as the story goes." He almost never cites a story's source, or indicates whether or not he believes the story, or attempts to tie it in with what happened in the preceding or following paragraph.

Errors of fact, moreover, mar the book. In part this is due to Eisenhower's choice of sources. On the British secret war, he used Anthony Cave Brown's *Bodyguard of Lies* instead of the works of M. R. D. Foot, which are far more reliable. On radio intelligence, he relied on F. W. Winterbotham's *The Ultra Secret*, a popular but thoroughly misleading book, instead of Ronald Lewin's definitive *Ultra Goes to War*. The neglect of Lewin leads to inexcusable errors, such as "by 1942 the [British] had cracked the German code in its entirety," which is not true. Caen is not the capital of Normandy, Rouen is. Verdun was not a British World War I battlefield.

"The purpose of this detailed narrative of my grandfather's role as Supreme Commander," Eisenhower writes in his introduction, "is to provide the setting for his years in the White House." It is for this reason, he says, that he concentrates on the political aspects of Ike's job. He admits that "it is a truism" to say that "the political and military aspects of any conflict are interrelated." He nonetheless goes on to assert that Ike's challenges were "exceptional, and he met these challenges in ways that have not yet been fully understood, if understood at all." Considering the extent and quality of the literature on Ike, this is not the statement of a prudent scholar eager to express his debt to those who have preceded him. At a minimum, one thinks of Forrest Pogue's *The Supreme Command*, published three decades ago, or Russell Weigley's recent *Eisenhower's Lieutenants*.

Still, Eisenhower is right to stress politics. Ike's close association with the leaders of the Western world certainly was an important part of his preparation for the presidency. Inexplicably, Eisenhower stops short of recounting his grandfather's and father's trip to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1945. It was then that Ike met Stalin for the only time and then that he was deeply impressed with the ordeal the Russian people had suffered. The trip had an important effect on his outlook and on his understanding of the Russians.

BUT THE book as a whole is too taken up with a rather tortuous groping for motivation. Thus Churchill, at the Quebec Conference in 1944, approved a hard peace policy toward Germany, the so-called Morgenthau Plan, not because he believed in it, but because he did not. This business of people saying the opposite of what they mean, as with Monty at Caen, or Monty and Ike at Arnhem, or Churchill's advocacy of Berlin in the last months of the war, applies a Watergate point of view to a time when the atmosphere was quite different.

Ike himself put this best in a 1945 letter to Marshall discussing Monty's continuing demand for single ground command for himself:

> Actually of course the vague rumors and statements that tend to create such uneasiness are largely froth—the fundamental soundness of this organization and readiness of all components to carry out my orders have been remarkable from the beginning. The trouble often is that to gain a particular end, people, even in high places, are sometimes not above using gossip and misinterpretation. All these things I ignore as long as they have no important effect upon this command.

One of Ike's favorite aphorisms was "Never question another man's motives." The Watergate mentality, on both sides, always questioned everyone's motives. In writing this book, David Eisenhower would have done well to listen more closely to his grandfather. But there are two volumes on the White House years still to come. Eisenhower can still heed Ike's wise counsel. Then he could really escape Watergate and its weather.

STEPHEN E. AMBROSE

Stephen E. Ambrose is Alumni Distinguished Professor at the University of New Orleans. He is the author of the two-volume *Eisenhower* (Simon and Schuster).

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THE PROFESSORS AND THE PARTY

No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities
by Ellen W. Schrecker

(Oxford University Press, 437 pp., $20.95)

The death of the distinguished classicist Sir Moses I. Finley in Cambridge, England, reported in the *New York Times* in July, brings to mind the tragedy that is the subject of Ellen Schrecker's book. During the 1940s and early 1950s, a good number of academics, Communist or ex-Communist, lost their jobs as a result of congressional, state legislative, and internal academic investigations into Communists on college faculties. Finley was a young classical historian at Rutgers in 1952 when he was called before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. He testified that he was not a Communist, but took the Fifth Amendment as to whether he had ever been a Communist and on identifying others as Communists.

Committees of Rutgers trustees and faculty considered what should be done, and in the end he was dismissed. He failed to find another academic appointment in the United States and left to teach in England in 1954, where he eventually became professor of ancient history at Cambridge and master of Darwin College, Cambridge, and was knighted. He did not return to the United States until 1972, when he gave the Sather Lectures at the University of California, Berkeley, and lectured at Rutgers. His political views remained, at the least, liberal. The *Times* obituary reports that while at Syracuse University to receive an honorary degree in 1982, he boycotted the commencement address of then-Secretary of State Alexander Haig for political reasons.

Most of the elements of the Communist and ex-Communist teachers' story that Schrecker recounts in great detail, and on the basis of extensive research and interviews, are to be found in Finley's career, except that he reached greater distinction than most of the others. Is the word "tragedy" suitable? Perhaps not for Finley. But it will stand for many of the others charged or dismissed. (Schrecker estimates that there were about 100.)

But was it also a tragedy for those who failed to come to their support? For the American academy? And just what kind of tragedy was it? For Schrecker, all this is clear: it was a tragedy for the American college and university because those institutions failed to support the civil liberties of their accused members. In her view the story is properly placed in the context of the history of academic freedom, and what happened in the early 1950s was the greatest violation of that freedom in the history of American higher education. But I believe that there was another tragedy, one that finds little place in Schrecker's account: that decent and intelligent men and women became part of a secret and conspiratorial organization that made use of good causes for evil ends. And if *that* was the tragedy, then it sheds a somewhat different and rather more complex light on the story of the Communist academics.

We have in *No Ivory Tower* as thorough an examination of the facts of these cases as we are ever likely to see. Schrecker has interviewed (and has had access to other interviews of) some 70 people involved in these painful and unhappy events. "Luckily," she tells us, "many previously reluctant academics have recently decided to discuss their past membership in the Communist Party." It has taken them 25 or 30 years to do so. Some of the people she has interviewed—the interviews go back to 1976—have since died, and in the nature of the case (since the story begins with the Rapp-Coudert investigation of Communist teachers at the City College of New York and Brooklyn College in 1940) others will not be among us for long.

One of the most interesting parts of her book deals with the later careers of those accused and dismissed. Some survived with odd jobs or even on welfare, but many were able to continue or resume their academic careers. We learn that "quite a few became psychotherapists. For men like Ralph Grundlach and Bernard Riess, who were already in the field of psychology, the switch from theory to practice was a logical one." One of the psychotherapists developed a practice among radicals who felt they could trust him. Harry Slochower, a lit-

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erary critic, also became a psychotherapist; his courses had sought to reconcile Marx with Freud. Reinstated by a Supreme Court decision in 1956, he still preferred his new career. Edwin Berry Burgum was another literary critic who became a psychotherapist. Others went into journalism. Some of the scientists went into private industry. Still others were supported by working wives. The poor denominational black colleges of the South took some. Canada was open to many. One is relieved to discover, as so many of the accused and dismissed did, that in the democratic United States there is life after academia.

DESPITE this, anyone who lived through those times, and occasionally wrote about those events, as I did, must continue to re-examine his position in the light of both new information and changed understandings. One does so with little enthusiasm, and only out of a sense of duty in trying to establish, as best one can, what was the right course, and how far we diverged from it. In the early 1940s I was a student at City College, and aware of the New York legislature's Rapp-Coudert investigation of Communists in the city colleges and the subsequent dismissal of a number of City College and Brooklyn College teachers. During the height of the congressional investigations of college and university teachers in 1953 and 1954, I was on the staff of *Commentary* and involved in the debate on the significance of McCarthyism. I did not favor the automatic and uniform dismissal of Communist teachers, but I did not share then, and I do not share now, what has become the common and accepted verdict on those years—that this was simply a Red scare, no different from that of 1920, in which political dissidents were persecuted and deprived of their livelihood because of their opinions; that there was little reason for this hysteria; that it was whipped up by politicians trying to gain political advantage.

Ellen Schrecker's research has done nothing to budge her from the conventional wisdom about those years: the native Communist threat was nonexistent; the investigators were malign and self-interested; their victims were well-intentioned men and women who acted out of the highest motives; the university was craven in not coming to the defense of the accused. We can now, she tells us, take a balanced view of the role of the Communist Party:

> The American Communist Party, for all the emotion it once aroused, can now be studied; it is no longer necessary—if it ever was—to condemn or exonerate it. At its peak it was a dynamic and often effective movement for social change, yet it was also . . . a doctrinaire, secretive, and undemocratic political sect. Its main flaw, of course, was its uncritical relationship with the Soviet Union.

Academic Communists were

> [n]either dupes nor conspirators, but . . . a group of serious men and women who sincerely hoped to create a better world. They opposed Hitler, supported the Spanish Republicans, and struggled, as best they could, to build a movement for social change within the United States.

One might conclude that those who opposed them, or who failed to support them, did not take these causes as seriously. Thus, concerning Chandler Davis, a mathematics instructor at the University of Michigan who took the First Amendment when called before the House Un-American Activities Committee and refused to cooperate (as many others in the same situation did) with internal university inquiries, she writes: "Few others shared the almost obsessive nature of [his] devotion to civil liberties." And concerning his colleagues: "Like liberals everywhere, they were not comfortable with the absolute civil libertarianism of men like Chandler Davis" and other uncooperative professors who lost their jobs.

IT IS possible to find a justification for the position these men took, which was usually to plead the Fifth Amendment before congressional committees and not to cooperate with faculty committees exploring their politics. (Chandler Davis took the First Amendment and as a result was sent to jail for six months for contempt of Congress, but this was exceptional.) Still, the justification for this position cannot be that it was their devotion to civil liberties that led them to this stand. Certainly questions of civil liberties and academic freedom were deeply involved. But can one really believe that those most committed to civil liberties, "obsessive" and "absolute," were the obdurate Communist or ex-Communist faculty members?

No Ivory Tower does so decide, simply by placing the story of the Communist professors within the history of civil liberties and academic freedom (where it clearly belongs), rather than within the history of American communism (where it also belongs). According to Schrecker's view of the history of academic freedom, dissidents are always in danger in the American university. Communists are dissidents; they are at one end of the spectrum of opinion, and to restrict their rights is therefore to lay the groundwork for further restriction: "Once the anti-Communist consensus and the machinery for enforcing it was in place, it was all too easy for academic institutions to turn against other types of political undesirables." And further, "by refusing to take . . . risks, the majority of the nation's college professors must share some of the responsibility for the repression that followed."

BUT ONE must find something odd in this theory when one recalls that as a matter of fact no repression followed. By the time I became a teacher in 1956, in a number of colleges and universities it was hard to see any signs of repression, or of fear. Matters must have been somewhat different in the early 1950s, but even Schrecker agrees that professors exaggerated the dangers of coming to the support of their accused colleagues. She can find only one case (and that is not too clear) where an (untenured) faculty member lost his job because he defended a colleague. We heard much in those days, too, of "guilt by association," but that was clearly not the issue in the cases Schrecker has examined.

Those who were charged and suffered were "real" Communists, not imaginary ones. And if one retells the story within the context of the history of communism rather than the history of academic freedom, a somewhat different picture emerges. Whatever the motives for joining the Communist Party, it was, at this time, and had been for 30 years before the 1950s, part of a worldwide movement controlled by a totalitarian power whose objectives, if realized, promised not an increase in liberty, but its destruction.

In all these cases, professors formally lost their jobs or were charged legally not because they were Communists, but because they lied to public or academic committees, or gave untruthful testimony as to their political associates or activities, or took the Fifth Amendment. Is this a distinction of no significance? Possibly. After all, as open Communists they would very likely have lost their jobs: they had to deny that they were Communists. But this is a purely practi-

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cal explanation of the Party's policy of secrecy and denial.

There was quite another rationale for it, one that long preceded the investigations: members were to deny being Communists because this made it possible for those committed to Party discipline to present themselves as free liberals or radicals, taking stands on the basis of specific issues and their virtues, rather than in the service of a secret larger strategy, which was to serve the interests of the Soviet Union. This reason for the policy of secrecy is very different from one that emphasizes the protection of jobs. I am not suggesting that the explanation had to be the one or the other. But if indeed the policy of secrecy was not devised solely for the purpose of overcoming an irrational hostility to communism, but to conceal different and distinct objectives from those with whom one acted in common politically, the commitment to secrecy takes on a somewhat different coloring.

SCHRECKER recognizes the problems that secrecy was to cause the Communist teachers, but acknowledges only the pragmatic root of it:

> The policy of secrecy . . . fed the suspicions of those who were later to attack the CP as a clandestine, conspiratorial organization. That Party members usually concealed their affiliation for the perfectly understandable purpose of self-protection did not make that concealment any more acceptable to their academic colleagues.

And how could it have been acceptable when one learned—as a number of academics, Schrecker tells us, did with astonishment—that close colleagues with whom one had shared thoughts, friendship, and office space were secretly members of the Communist Party? Secrecy was more of a problem, then, than Schrecker will allow.

Let us concede that the concept of the Party presented in Communist organizational literature, and hoped for by the leadership, was not often fulfilled by its academic (not to mention its other) members. The fact that one was a member of the Communist Party did not make one an unquestioning instrument of the central leadership, deployable for any task, up to and including espionage. But the commitment to secrecy made it hard to *deny* the charge that being a Communist implied all this. If one denied one was a Communist when in fact one was, or took the Fifth Amendment, how could one then also honestly argue that being a Communist did *not* mean one was indoctrinating one's students, subverting the administration and one's colleagues, serving ends in the course of one's academic work that were determined by an outside authority?

Schrecker now has the benefit of interviews she considers frank and open, and I would agree that at this date they probably are; but neither the congressional nor the academic committees had the benefit of any such information. They found secrecy and concealment on the one hand, adhered to uniformly in the face of severe penalties, and on the other hand they had before them the history of communism, which held Russia and Eastern Europe and China under a subjection that allowed no political or cultural freedom; that was on the offensive, threatening to move into Western Europe; and that had quite clearly been the beneficiary of espionage based on Communist loyalties. Even Schrecker sees some justification for suspicion. Considering the case of Communist physicists and chemists who worked on the atom bomb she writes, "security officers . . . assumed—not incorrectly, we must admit—that the main threat to the project's security came from Communist sympathizers."

TODAY, 40 years after the first exposures of Communist espionage, we can tote up the score and make judgments. We may decide that all the fears of communism, or of subversion, were exaggerated. But we may also try to determine, at a safe distance and with much more information than was then available, what would have been a legitimate response to members of an organization connected with the greatest threat to freedom in the world being allowed to teach in our colleges and universities. Was this a civil liberties question? In part it was. But it was certainly more than that when one was defending the right to be silent about one's connection with an organization that operated in part secretly and conspiratorially. One was not defending the right to hold political beliefs and express them in political activities. One was defending, rather, the right not to expose political activities and political beliefs to the light of public discussion. Of course, it is conceivable that the punishment would have been even swifter had they been openly expressed. But then the civil liberties question would have been directly engaged. And civil liberties have their defenders.

Such considerations played little role in the thinking of legislative and congressional investigative committees, who took it for granted that communism was un-American and subversive and that Communists should not be allowed to teach. A good part of the American people agreed with them. But the academic community did not accept this position. While there were strong pressures on public institutions (and to some extent private institutions) to follow up on congressional and legislative hearings, the issue was not simply, is this person a Communist? A quite different rationale for questioning the suitability of Communists to be teachers was developed, one formulated in large measure by Sidney Hook (*Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No*), according to which Communist teachers, by the very obligations they entered into as members of the Communist Party, themselves submitted their positions to outside political authorities and were committed to advancing the interests of the Communist Party through their activities as faculty members—on academic committees, in institutions of self-government, and in their teaching as well.

There were many variants of this position. Hook himself has recently described what his own view was, since he has often been charged with favoring automatic dismissal of Communist Party members:

> Once identified, a member of the Communist Party should be confronted [by a Faculty Committee on Professional Ethics] with the evidence of Communist activity, including the instructions [by the Communist Party to faculty members] referred to above, and given an opportunity to repudiate them or convince the Faculty Committee that his teaching and research did not conform to Communist Party directives. The burden of proof would rest on him.

It was my view at the time that this approach raised difficulties, first because not all Communist Party members showed the same degree of allegiance or commitment, secondly because the attempt to identify Communist Party members and in effect try them would be disruptive in academic communities, and thirdly because the problem posed by Communist Party members on campus rarely was great enough to fulfill the ideal of Party cell activity in colleges and universities proposed by the Party literature.

The greatest problem was that posed by the first step: Was this person a

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Communist? The instructions of the Party were to deny Party membership, and this conformed with the self-interest of the Party member in holding on to his job. Further, there were inhibitions independent of Party instructions and self-interest: there was truly a moral issue involved in identifying others as Party members, a demand that almost inevitably came up in congressional and legislative hearings, though not in investigations within academic institutions, where the emphasis was on the faculty member's own activities. In testifying before a congressional committee, it was discovered, after efforts were made to use the First Amendment, that Party members could take the Fifth Amendment and be protected from a charge of perjury or contempt. Before a faculty committee looking into professional ethics, this question of whether one should take the First or Fifth to defend oneself or one's colleagues was irrelevant. But how did one determine that a faculty member who denied or refused to answer the question was a Communist?

Academic institutions felt it necessary to follow up, generally because of public pressure, on legislative exposures of Communist Party members. Still, in order to identify a Communist Party member who denied such a charge, or refused to say anything regarding it, it was necessary, as Schrecker's account makes clear, to ask questions about political belief. Such questions certainly make one very uncomfortable; they recall the Inquisition. Yet the issue was truly not the beliefs themselves. Rather, because of the prevalence of secrecy and denial, beliefs and the manner of their expression became a key to deciding whether the truth was being told. The issue in the academy was, is this person concealing information concerning a secret organization possibly engaged in actions inimical to national security and the aims of the institution, actions whose scale and effect we do not know?

IN RETROSPECT (and retrospect involves, one should recall, the death of Stalin, the Yugoslav break with the Soviet Union, the growing estrangement between Russia and China, the weakening of the Western European Communist parties and the rise of Eurocommunism, the near disappearance of communism in the United States), it would have been better if the few Communists and the larger number of ex-Communists on college and university faculties had been left to pursue their teaching and research—and agitation—undisturbed, except by the normal political debate that takes place in academic communities. Little harm would have followed from such a policy. But that is something that was not so clear in the late 1940s and early 1950s, with communism still advancing in Europe and a fierce war being waged in Korea. Schrecker has done a service by collecting as much information as she has. But I think she has placed the story of the Communist professors in the wrong context, and made their fate appear incomprehensible.

NATHAN GLAZER

Nathan Glazer, professor of education and sociology at Harvard University, is the author of *The Social Basis of American Communism* (Greenwood), among other books.

MISSING THE TARGET

The Financing of Terror by James Adams

(Simon and Schuster, 352 pp., $18.95)

Terrorism: How the West Can Win by Benjamin Netanyahu

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 320 pp., $18.95)

The most recent *Strategic Survey* published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London includes for the first time a section on terrorism. It is called "Terrorism—A Growth Industry." Whether terrorism is in fact a growth industry is a moot point. Terrorism's statistics are unreliable, and they can be interpreted in different ways. But terrorism certainly looms large in the public consciousness, and therefore the production of literature on terrorism has grown by leaps and bounds. Alex Schmid's bibliographical guide to terrorism has thousands of entries; and a monthly digest on terrorism, published by the federal government, is now twice the size it was a couple of years ago. There have been some interesting books and reports on individual terrorist groups (such as the ETA, the Montoneros, and the PLO). But alas, the level of much of the literature and the media comment, both on the causes of terrorism and on what to do about it, remains depressing.

Thus James Adams, a British journalist, has written a strange book on an important topic—the finances of terrorist movements. He starts with some sweeping statements: "The Reagan administration firmly believes that the U.S.S.R. is the mastermind of world terrorism." Now the Reagan administration believes all kinds of things, but on this specific topic it has been quite restrained. In fact, its most recent annual survey published by the State Department says that "we have no evidence of the Soviets directly planning or orchestrating terrorist acts by Middle Eastern, West European or Latin American groups." Adams claims that most books on terrorism are biased, that they are guilty of various degrees of ignorance; and then he makes a statement about a colleague (Claire Sterling) that seems clearly libelous, reporting that some very senior CIA official claimed that her book was "largely a product of the CIA disinformation department," only to add at the very end: "The story may well be apocryphal." I wonder how Adams would react if he were given similar treatment.

The purpose of his book, in his own words, is to encourage a re-examination of the way society views terrorism. Expectations, therefore, are high. But the reader will be sadly disappointed. The subject is not an easy one, of course. The question immediately arises: Who were Adams's sources? All kinds of unnamed gentlemen in Beirut and similar places are mentioned, anonymous intelligence sources who told him stories—some of them perhaps true, more likely half-true. Adams also quotes *Time*,

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Newsweek, and sometimes even the *Financial Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. He is clearly not aware of the fact that there was serious research on the subject well before he arrived on the scene. For instance, there are at least a dozen serious books in Spanish on narco-terrorism (published in Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia), and there have been detailed, painstaking studies in English in various scholarly journals in this country. To write on narco-terrorism without knowledge of this literature and at the same time to charge his colleagues with ignorance is, to put it mildly, impertinent.

On the finances of Irish terrorism, the author appears a little better informed, but his estimate of the PLO's finances (annual income $1.25 billion) seems wildly off the mark. A far more realistic estimate appeared in a June 2 article in *Forbes*, which concluded that the yearly income of the PLO is now about $150 million and its expenses are about $300 million, of which military operations account for $100 million. The *Forbes* author is by no means hostile to the PLO; on the contrary, he suggests that the United States should subsidize the PLO in its present predicament, rather than having to pay ransom to some freelance assassins who would haunt the Middle East if the PLO disintegrated. Unfortunately, as long as their paymasters keep them in business, they will haunt it anyway. In any event, the role of the PLO as a policing agent has steadily diminished.

Meanwhile, the finances of the PLO remain something of a riddle. According to a recent article in the *Economist*, the assets of Fatah are close to $10 billion. If this is true, Fatah would find itself (in world GNP statistics) well above Kenya, Tanzania, or Jordan. The PLO is big business, to be sure; but estimates of this kind still seem grossly exaggerated. It has an income from legitimate business activities such as banking, speculation, and running airlines in the Maldives and Sierra Leone, as well as from drug trafficking and arms sales. It owns large companies, but not all of them are highly profitable. It has given loans to Nicaragua and invested in Africa. But if it really had ten billion, its political position would be considerably stronger than it is; it would, to put it inelegantly, be able to buy up rivals such as Abu Musa and Abu Nidal instead of having to fight them.

In 1984, the Jonathan Institute in Jerusalem convened a conference on terrorism. It was attended by leading Western statesmen, philosophers, writers, scholars, legal experts, and journalists. The proceedings have now been published as *Terrorism: How the West Can Win*. As a demonstration of political purpose, as a manifestation of solidarity, as a call for action, the conference was undoubtedly an impressive event. But it claims to be more: "An important event in the war against terrorism," "a considerable work of history," "a comprehensive reasoned analysis . . . shattering myths of terrorism," and a "practical sober strategy." It is against these claims, alas, that its proceedings must be judged. Now I have no doubt that virtually every one of the participants could have written a valuable book (or at least a thoughtful essay) on terrorism, but the average length of the contributions in this volume is three to four pages. There is no way to develop any reasoned argument, to say anything profound or original, in such a setting. Indeed, to publish these snippets is rather an injustice to the many distinguished people who may have had much of substance to offer.

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The two longer essays (totaling 40 pages) were written by the book's editor, Benjamin Netanyahu, who is Israel's ambassador to the United Nations (and the brother of Jonathan Netanyahu, the Israeli officer killed during the Entebbe raid in 1976, for whom the Jonathan Institute is named). Netanyahu deserves sympathy, to be sure: the constant flood of stupid, mendacious, and malevolent speeches by the banks of the East River about the need to tackle the sources of terrorism rather than to combat it, about one man's terrorist being another man's freedom fighter, and so on, is enough to strain the patience of a saint. But the problem with Netanyahu's analysis is not that he is polemical, but that he comes to his task insufficiently prepared. Frequently his remarks make no sense at all. He engages in unwarranted generalizations, needlessly exposing himself to strong counterarguments.

Netanyahu's introductory essay is about "defining terrorism." Hundreds of experts have tried their hand at such a definition, however, and no satisfactory definition has been offered to this day. The reason is simple: there is no such thing as terrorism per se, unchanging in time and place—except on the level of abstraction. Instead, there are various terrorisms, each of which has to be defined and assessed according to its origins, aims, mode of operation, and general historical and political context. Netanyahu's definition of terrorism is "the deliberate and systematic murder, maiming and menacing of the innocent to inspire fear for political ends." According to this definition, however, a group of Abu Nidal's followers who ambush an Israeli soldier in South Lebanon (or try to kill an Israeli Cabinet minister inside Israel) are not terrorists, a proposition with which the author is unlikely to agree. To demonstrate the difference between terrorism and acts of war, Netanyahu adduces an RAF air raid against Gestapo headquarters in Copenhagen in 1944, in which innocent people were killed. But who ever argued that this was an act of terrorism? It would have been more instructive if Netanyahu had addressed himself to more difficult questions—to the murder, say, of Lord Moyne or Count Bernadotte. Were these acts of war or of guerrilla warfare? How should they be defined?

NETANYAHU turns next to history. He claims that modern terrorism has its origins in communist totalitarianism and Islamic radicalism. Let us leave aside the issue of communism and terrorism, which is more complicated than Netanyahu realizes. While the use of assassination as a political instrument is an old tradition in Arab politics, it is at best an egregious simplification to argue that there is something in Islam as a religion that is particularly conducive to, or tolerant of, terrorism. In fact the three leading scholars of Islam who attended the conference told Netanyahu precisely that. Moreover, the rulers of Iraq, Syria, and Libya are not Islamic fundamentalists; and they have killed many more Moslems than Israelis or Westerners.

Netanyahu's concluding essay is a little stronger. It maintains that terrorism could easily be defeated if the Western powers had courage and stuck together, and if the media behaved responsibly instead of acting as mouthpieces for these criminals. Unfortunately, these things will not happen until the situation considerably deteriorates—in which case action will be taken regardless of all such exhortations. Of course, there is no harm in belaboring the obvious, be it only as a counterweight to the pernicious nonsense so frequently produced by reporters and professors. But to claim that these essays constitute a "considerable work of history," a set of "definitive statements on how the West should think on terrorism," and so on, is ridiculous.

Perhaps, in the end, this book should not be judged by its claims. If it is indeed true, as Mario Cuomo says on the dust jacket, that he needed this book to learn that state sanctioned terrorism is often conspiratorial and that its targets are the world's democracies, if after hundreds of books and thousands of articles some of the elementary facts have not widely sunk in, books like these may fulfill a certain useful function as a kind of elementary education.

But what about the more serious and more specialized literature mentioned earlier? If there has been an improve-

MIND-BODY PROBLEM

When I think of my youth I feel sorry not for myself
but for my body. It was so direct
and simple, so rational in its desires,
wanting to be touched the way an otter
loves water, the way a giraffe
wants to amble the edge of the forest, nuzzling
the tender leaves at the tops of the trees. It seems
unfair, somehow, that my body had to suffer
because I, by which I mean my mind, was saddled
with certain unfortunate high-minded romantic notions
that made me tyrannize and patronize it
like a cruel medieval baron, or an ambitious
English-professor husband ashamed of his wife—
her love of sad movies, her budget casseroles
and regional vowels. Perhaps
my body would have liked to make some of our dates,
to come home at four in the morning and answer my scowl
with "None of your business!" Perhaps
it would have liked more presents: silks, mascaras.
If we had had a more democratic arrangement
we might even have come, despite our different backgrounds,
to a grudging respect for each other, like Tony Curtis
and Sidney Poitier fleeing handcuffed together
instead of the current curious shift of power
in which I find I am being reluctantly
dragged along by my body as though by some
swift and powerful dog. How eagerly
it plunges ahead, not stopping for anything,
as though it knows exactly where we are going.

KATHA POLLITT

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ment in quality, it has occurred in unexpected quarters. A short quiz will make this clear. Where do the following statements appear:

1. "Urban guerrilla is a fraudulent term designed to mask the usual terrorism."
2. "The concept that, without removing 'the causes of terrorism,' terrorism cannot be combatted is wrong, and inescapably leads to a passive attitude towards terrorism."
3. "Western liberal intellectuals (such as Böll, Grass, Sartre, Moravia, Bertolucci et al.) and theologians who defend left-wing terrorists and want a 'dialogue' with them are sentimental fools. The terrorists should be isolated; there ought to be no public support for them whatsoever."
4. "The liberal media, in their chasing after sensations, showing 'understanding for terrorists,' calling them freedom fighters etc., bear a great share of responsibility for the spread of terrorism."
5. "From some of the tenets of left-wing terrorism (including Frantz Fanon) arises the smell of fascism."
6. "The Italian government bears much of the responsibility for the fact that terrorism was rampant for almost ten years. Other countries which showed more energy and determination managed to stamp out terrorism in a much shorter time."

The answer: these and other such statements appear in Viktor Vityuk's *Pod chuzhiim znamenenami* (*Under False Flags*, Moscow, 1985) and Svetozar Efirov's *Pokushenie na Budushe* (*Attacks Against the Future*, Moscow, 1984). The Efirov book was printed in 50,000 copies; 34,000 copies of the more weighty Vityuk book were published. I have no idea whether the directors of the KGB read the studies produced by Moscow's think tanks and if so, whether they pay much attention. Perhaps the left hand does not know what the right is doing; perhaps there is a division of labor. Still, it should be a matter of record that some of the more sensible views on the subject of terrorism have been published in the Soviet Union, and not, it would appear, for foreign consumption only.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is the author of *Guerrilla* and *Terrorism* (both published by Little, Brown) as well as *The Guerrilla Reader* and *The Terrorism Reader* (New American Library).

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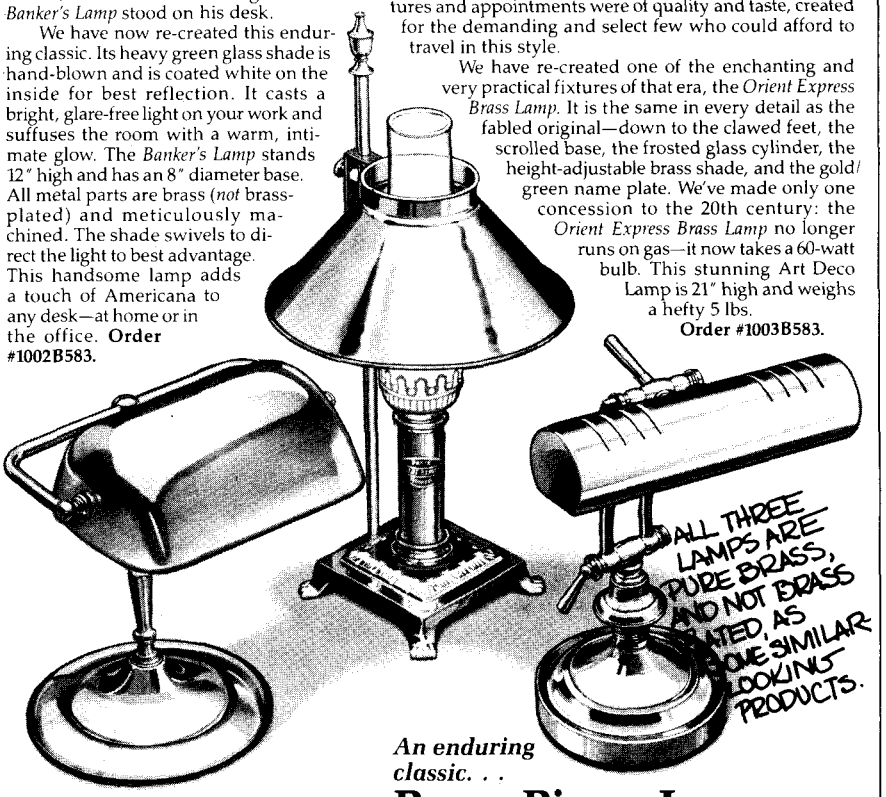

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OFF THE RESERVATION

The Beet Queen
by Louise Erdrich

(Henry Holt and Company, 338 pp., $16.95)

There are two sorts of people in Louise Erdrich's new novel: dreamers who are barely able to cope with the false promises and humiliations of daily life, and plodders who merely wring out a grim satisfaction from surviving. The dreamers are driven to an existence of perpetual drifting or madness. The plodders periodically take them in, offering a granite will in exchange for the opportunity to patch up someone more battered than they are. Erdrich's novels have little in the way of traditional plot or character development because her characters have already been marked indelibly by fate. What she brings to *The Beet Queen*, as she did to *Love Medicine*, is a prose style of ringing clarity and lyricism, and a shrewd vision of the pathos and comedy that characterize provincial lives.

In *Love Medicine* Erdrich deftly cut open the closed world of two families on a North Dakota reservation. Part Chippewa herself, she managed to evoke at once the traditions of Anglo-American realism and Native American mysticism in a story about the weird permutations of love. In *The Beet Queen* she moves just outside the reservation to a small, unsophisticated town called Argus, inhabited by whites and a scattering of Chippewa. Erdrich brings with her the same narrative method, themes, and even a few characters. Once again she takes on several generations of an extended family, allowing each member to narrate periodically. (Their voices are interspersed with brief chapters of omniscient narration, in which scenes are sketched with a detachment the characters lack.) And here too she creates a matriarchy composed of women with extrasensory powers and men with ineffectual longings.

But in *Love Medicine* the generations were cast in an erratic time frame, and the characters jostled for the reader's attention. *The Beet Queen*, another composite of unsettling vignettes, has an assured, polished quality that *Love Medicine* lacked. Erdrich centers the story on a fragmented white family, and she has dropped the dreamlike connections between characters and events in favor of an unconventional narrative of a more sculpted kind. In interviews and in her acknowledgment to the novel, Erdrich fully credits the part played by her husband, Michael Dorris—"complice in every word"—in shaping and revising her work. *The Beet Queen* seems to reflect the growing ease of this collaboration.

The novel follows a sister and brother, Mary and Karl Adare, from their mother's impulsive abandonment of them at a church bazaar in 1932 to an unusual sort of family gathering at a town beet festival in 1972. In the interim they—and those who adopt them—have dimly discovered the unsatisfactory but unshakable ties of blood, friendship, and love. Erdrich is an economical writer. She allows her characters neither lingering introspection nor excessive sentimentality. From the opening pages she sharply etches the incongruities between the stolid Mary and the delicate Karl, and lays out the pattern that will determine the rest of their lives.

After their mother, Adelaide, steps into a two-seater plane on the fairground and vanishes into the clouds with the pilot, the Great Omar, 11-year-old Mary dedicates herself to a life of remorseless self-sufficiency. The children hop a boxcar to Argus, where their aunt has a butcher shop, but as Mary makes her way wearily from the train to the shop, Karl pauses, entranced by the smell of the blossoms on a young apple tree. Rather than joining his sister and her life of manufacturing sausage, he turns back to the boxcar heading out of town.

Mary banishes Adelaide from her life in an imaginary flight of her own. She sees her mother being plucked out of her seat in the plane and dropped overboard by Omar:

> All night she fell through the awful cold. Her coat flapped open and her black dress wrapped tightly around her legs. Her red hair flowed straight upward like a flame. She was a candle that gave no warmth. My heart froze. I had no love for her. That is why, by morning, I allowed her to hit the earth.

Karl, after seeking comfort in the arms of a bum, determines that "he didn't want to cry on the lap of anyone again. So he stood frowning keenly at nothing as the train rolled on, and then, light and quick as a deer, he leaped forward and ran straight out the door of the moving boxcar."

In the course of the novel, Mary's hardened heart and Karl's pained restlessness come to shape—and misshape—the lives of each of their friends and relatives. Mary grows up behind the butcher shop with their cousin, "the beautiful Sita," a girl with aspirations for a life of romance and success whom she torments over the years and slowly drives insane. Karl eventually makes his way back to Argus as a slick traveling salesman, and in a short-lived affair with Mary's only friend, Celestine, fathers a child, Dot. In the meantime he has casually seduced the gentle town entrepreneur, Wallace Pfef, who is shaken by the discovery of his own homosexuality. He never gets over Karl.

It is Dot who inadvertently unites the discordant clan. This glowering, aggressive child, who is "either lit up by her imaginary future, or depressed, a dark lump, by what she saw as her life's realities, harsh and awful," brings unreasonable hope into the lives of Celestine, her aunt Mary, her "uncle" Wallace, and even her absent father, Karl. While Sita descends into madness, Dot's various guardians look to her for deliverance from their dreary lot. Their lavish attentions on this unprepossessing girl come

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to a climax at the festival where, she discovers to her fury, Wallace has rigged the votes and arranged for her to be crowned the Beet Queen.

Erdrich's characters inevitably find sexual love (if they find it at all) furtive and disappointing, family love fierce and destructive, and friendship stolen and betrayed. Yet *The Beet Queen* is a comic novel. It is not pity that Erdrich seeks to elicit on her characters' behalf, but amused sympathy with their fumbling quests for happiness. The grand opening of Sita's impossibly pretentious French restaurant is ruined when the chef and his assistants get food poisoning; Celestine's belated sexual initiation turns into a vigorous wrestling match ("He is fighting me for the upper hand, straining down with all his might, but I am more than equal to his weight-lifting arms and thrashing legs. I could throw him to the side, I know, but I grow curious"); Dot's premiere in a school Christmas pageant degenerates into chaos when a little boy she has secretly admired taunts her on stage and she fells him with a wooden maul; Wallace's birthday party for Dot becomes an occasion for Mary to terrorize the children and send Sita into one of her nervous declines.

All these moments are conveyed in the melodic rhythms of Erdrich's prose and the brisk, atonal frankness of Western speech. The effect, both eerie and utterly matter-of-fact, gruesome and funny, can border on the surreal. Sita is abducted in a prank during her wedding and left in the cold outside a bootleg Indian bar. In a gust of wind she is propelled through the door:

> What the ten people and the bartender experienced coming at them through the door was a sudden explosion of white net, a rolling ball of it tossed among them by freezing winds. Two bare spike-heeled legs scissored within the ball, slashing lethal arcs, tearing one old man's jacket before he reared away in fright. And the white ball *was* frightening, for while the wind tumbled it about and the patrons of the bar dodged to avoid danger, it kept up a muffled and inhuman croaking. But then, when the door was finally slammed shut, the gown came to a slow rest, arms emerged and madly smoothed the dress down layer by layer until a face finally stood out within the torn foam.
>
> "It's a fucking queen," said one of the women in the hush of amazement.
>
> "Shut your mouth," said the other woman, clutching Russell's arm. "It's a bride."
>
> And it was a bride, everyone could see that now. She rose to her feet, disheveled but normal in all respects except that her face was loose and raging, distorted, working horribly in silence.

There is no disputing the grace with which Erdrich skates across the surface of unhappy lives. And she has created an unusual balance between humor and poignancy that allows her to make full use of her poetic turns, her observant eye, and her fascination with the haphazard and the coincidental. But there are inevitable problems in a narrative that is punctuated by a series of extraordinary scenes rather than sustained by an evolving plot and characters that grow and change. In her determination not to linger over any character or scene, or to lose the comic effect, she relies too heavily on caricature. Mary becomes cartoonish, and rather tiresome, in her role as the spinster aunt and town eccentric, with her hideous cut-rate dresses, the grisly satisfaction she derives from others' misfortunes, her ersatz talents as a fortuneteller.

Erdrich has chosen a form that allows her talents to shine but necessarily limits what she can do with her fictional family. The coming together of all the characters and themes at the beet festival—complete with Dot's dramatic reliving of her grandmother's flight—is a contrivance, not a

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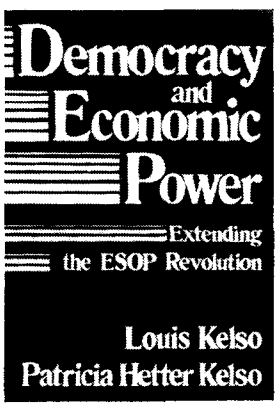

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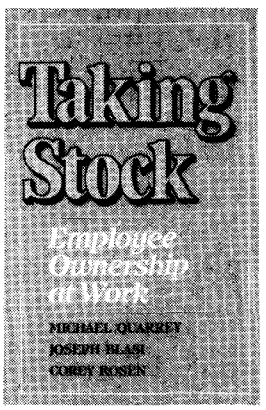

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natural culmination to the drama. It is a device that Erdrich clearly hoped would help dramatize her themes and effectively join the realms of fantasy and realism. Instead it simply draws attention to the novel's mechanics.

Still, these imperfections hardly spoil the novel. Erdrich herself regards it as part of a work in progress, not as a seamless whole. *Love Medicine* and *The Beet Queen* are the first volumes in a quartet that she and Dorris plan to write about the intersecting families of the reservation and the town. In the meantime, she has conveyed unforgettably the mixture of the prosaic and the uncanny that informs the lives of dreamers and plodders alike. And she has endowed all of her characters with an idiosyncratic trait that both isolates them and allows them to survive: the energy and ingenuity to grapple with the terrors of intimacy.

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

trying to abolish emotion rather than to direct it. Thus, since Ford "summon[s] torrents of deep feeling," he finds Ford the antithesis of Brecht. Ford is more subtle and variegated. But given Kauffmann's incapacity to perceive Ford's irony, or even to discern the distinction between "Ford's films . . . treat[ing] blacks patronizingly" and his characters doing so, it is no wonder that the dialectical qualities of Ford's emotion are too subtle for him.

In a context that may lead some to think it my own verdict, Kauffmann proclaims that "many of Ford's films treat Indians as pulp-fiction Redskins, . . . treat women as décor in the lives of men." My book's loudly avowed intention is to refute such notions.

TAG GALLAGHER
West Chester, Pennsylvania

Stanley Kauffmann replies:

Theme. Gallagher maintains that *Steamboat Round the Bend* shares the theme of entrapment with the three other films mentioned. Yes, and *The Comedy of Errors* shares inquiry into identity with *Hamlet*.

Name-dropping. All references to St. Augustine in the book are by Gallagher, not by Ford. Gallagher wants us to believe that Ford was consciously Augustinian throughout his long career because of the middle name he used in school.

Expressionism. I concealed nothing. I quoted extensively from Gallagher's strained argument. I also noted his historical errors, about which he doesn't comment.

Control. History shows that most "great Hollywood auteurs" succeeded precisely by "triumphing over Hollywood impediments." Gallagher documents the impediments in Ford's life while simultaneously treating them as if they didn't exist. Example: he extols *My Darling Clementine* (a "Manichaean drama"), then tells us that Darryl Zanuck recut Ford's completed film frame by frame, deleted half an hour, and inserted a final kiss. If the result *is* a "Manichaean drama," then obviously Ford triumphed over Zanuck's interference. Gallagher's last chapter does indeed detail how Ford tried "to achieve *as much control as he could*."

Brecht. Gallagher maintains that Ford is Brechtian because "every element in his cinema is engaged dialectically with every other element. . . ." Nowhere does Gallagher explain why this wide-umbrella comment doesn't also cover Hitchcock and many others. Regarding emotion, Brecht said: "I aim at an extremely classical, cold, highly intellectual style . . . I'm not writing for the scum who want to have the cockles of their hearts warmed."

Blacks. Gallagher asserts that Ford's use of, say, Stepin Fetchit was an ironic attack on the stereotypical racial views of the whites in the film. This seems to me the patent imposition of latter-day views on theater-film conventions of the past.

Context. My comments on Ford's use of Indians and women in many of his films occur in a long paragraph with no reference to Gallagher. They are plainly my own views. Gallagher's "refutation" has not affected them.

In his preface Gallagher acknowledges the help of some people who "have given the book a precision and beauty it would otherwise lack." With this statement, seemingly modest, the author attributes precision and beauty to his book. I dissent.

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MICHIGAN DIARIST

Gone Fishin'

MICHIGAN'S UPPER PENINSULA, one of the few relatively unspoiled places left in the northern Midwest, is a sparsely populated area whose winters freeze the ground so deep that the dead have to wait until spring to be buried. Its lush forests and numerous lakes make it a special attraction for sporting types. Still, it provides no guarantees. All fishing advice is worthless, I have concluded, but different types are worthless in different ways. That obtainable from fishermen and fisherwomen suffers mostly from an intractable mendacity that is no less infuriating because it is so understandable. There are two types of anglers: those who are catching fish and those who aren't. The successful ones have a compelling reason to dissemble. If someone tells you honestly where he or she has been snaring coolers full of bass, and with what, you will probably put the advice to good use, reducing the number of fish available to your benefactor. Those who aren't catching fish, on the other hand, obviously don't know anything useful, but they will freely dispense guidance rather than admit their failures. In most towns in rural America, I surmise, draconian county ordinances sternly forbid residents to utter pessimistic noises about the vitality of local fishing waters. Anyone whose opinion is asked will assure the listener that they veritably boil with piscine activity, even if acid rain wiped out every living creature 20 years ago. My own advice to anglers is: never ask for advice. Be content to fail on your own.

OCCASIONALLY AN inquisitive angler will be met with a bracing departure from the custom of congenial dishonesty. One ten-year-old boy eagerly displayed his thorough knowledge of the habits of one lake's yellow perch. Apparently he thought these fish so numerous, or his listener of such limited competence, that nothing would be lost by sharing his lore. But when I asked about the best spot for the more formidable northern pike, he replied, with that politeness peculiar to rural children, "In a boat." "Any particular place I should go in the boat?" I asked. "Yes," he admitted, squirming a little. "But you're not telling, right?" "Right," came the answer, still resolutely polite. The grizzled operator of a boat rental outfit, asked how good the fishing was in his lake, inspected me with a doubtful eye. "Real good, if you're a fisherman," his tone making clear that this was a category to which I could only aspire. "Otherwise it's not." Relying on his candor, I decided against renting one of his vessels. As Antonin Scalia said of himself concerning a past tennis victory over Senator Howard Metzenbaum, his integrity overcame his judgment.

NOVICES CAN LEARN a lot about fishing from the wealth of instructional books on the market, but what they can't learn is patience. There is something about fishing that makes failure not just frustrating but humiliating. To cast a line into the water requires some faith, after all, that there are fish below the surface, an assumption that is often hard to verify. When one performs the trick of conjuring unseen fish into the boat—even with the help of the latest lures, depth maps, and A. J. McClane's advice—it produces a feeling of almost magical power. But when hours of effort produce nothing, it simply makes one feel ridiculous, engaged in a task as hopeless and lamebrained as alchemy, though one somehow within the competence of ten-year-olds.

ONE OF THE REWARDS of reading American history is savoring the campaign invective of past presidential elections. Nowadays, the jibes rarely get nastier or more clever than "Where's the beef?" and "There you go again." The Jacksonian era did not fall short in this respect. In Martin Van Buren's re-election bid of 1840, he was attacked for his supposed extravagance in White House entertaining. "What, sir, will the honest locofoco say to Mr. Van Buren for spending the People's cash on FOREIGN FANNY KEMBLE GREEN FINGER CUPS, in which to wash his pretty, tapering, soft, white lily-fingers, after dining on fricandeau de veau and omelette souffle?" one Whig orator asked, with biting irrelevance. When the Democrats chose a relative unknown to head the ticket in 1844, a Whig asked his audience, "And who have they nominated? James K. Polk, of Tennessee? After that, who is safe?" But it's hard to top the charges hurled in 1828 at John Quincy Adams ("King John the Second") by Andrew Jackson's supporters, who said he had frequently broken the Sabbath by riding recklessly about in a jockey's costume, wasted the people's tax dollars on a White House billiard table, and, as one historian recounts, "prostituted a beautiful American girl to the carnal desires of Czar Alexander I." I solemnly pledge my vote in 1988 to the first serious presidential candidate to level an accusation as inventive as this last one. (LaRouchies need not apply.)

THE CHAOTIC STATE of the airline industry, with its mergers, bankruptcies, and fare wars, combined with the congestion afflicting airports, has convinced some people that deregulation was a mistake. My own confidence in the free market is sturdy enough to weather even a snowy day trying to get out of O'Hare. The real test of faith for disciples of unfettered capitalism is to write a syndicated newspaper column. Lured by the few spectacular success stories, hundreds of writers have jumped in, until there are probably ten times more than the market can support at a living wage. If that's not bad enough, those of us who make a living at it have to compete against untold numbers of people who turn out op-ed pieces in their free time. The auto workers think it's tough competing against the Japanese. Imagine if they had to cope with cars built on weekends by hobbyists working in their basements. So though it is a pleasure to learn that Morton Kondracke will rejoin THE NEW REPUBLIC, it is a relief to learn that he will not rejoin the ranks of syndicated columnists. Unfortunately, TNR has reported that White House communications director Patrick Buchanan, whose column appeared in 120 newspapers, plans to return to journalism within the next few months. Whatever the range of opinions among the nation's columnists on other matters, I'm sure we all share one sentiment here: stay where you are, Pat. The country needs you.

STEPHEN CHAPMAN

Stephen Chapman, a former TNR associate editor, is a syndicated columnist for the *Chicago Tribune.*

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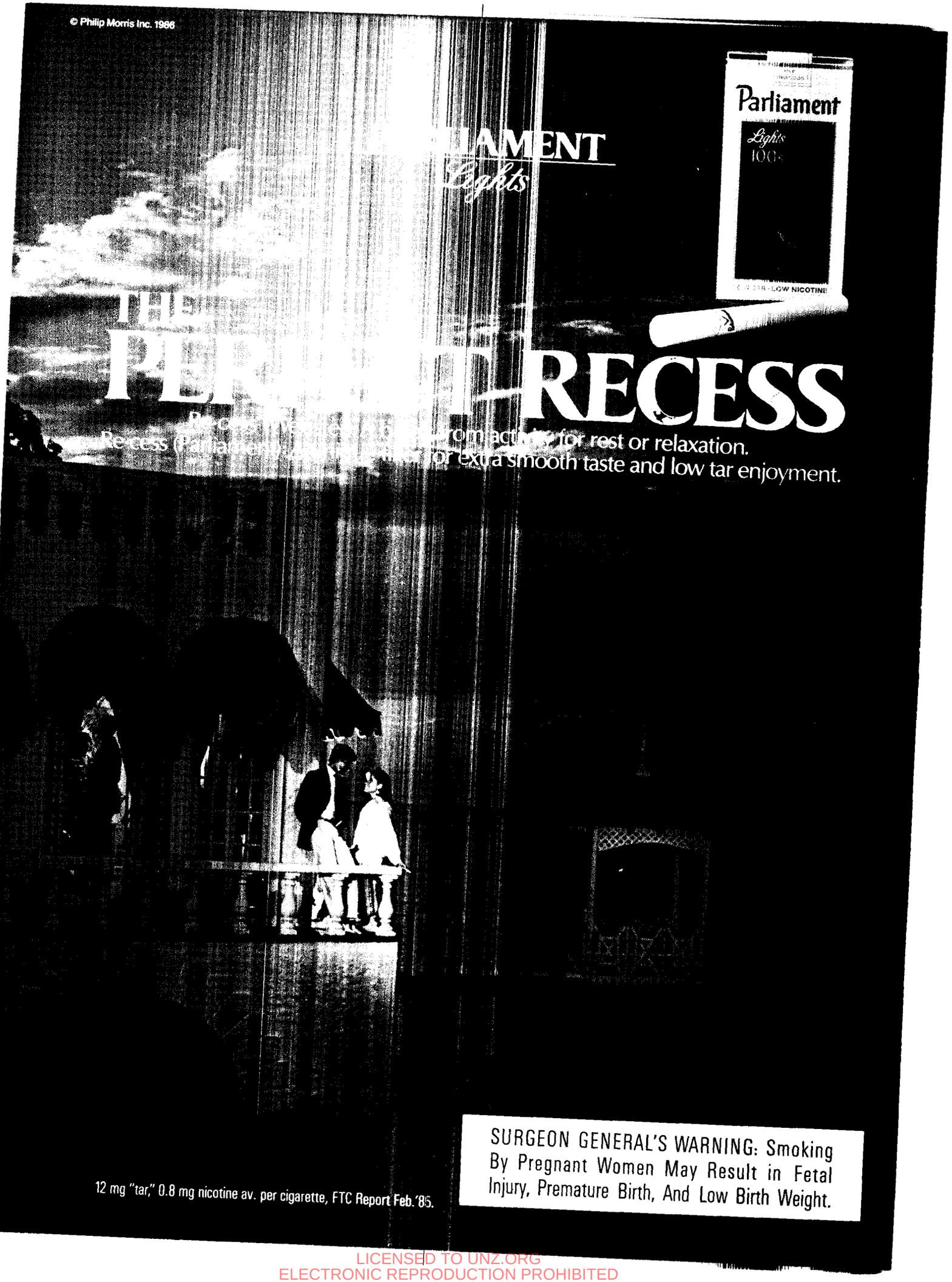

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